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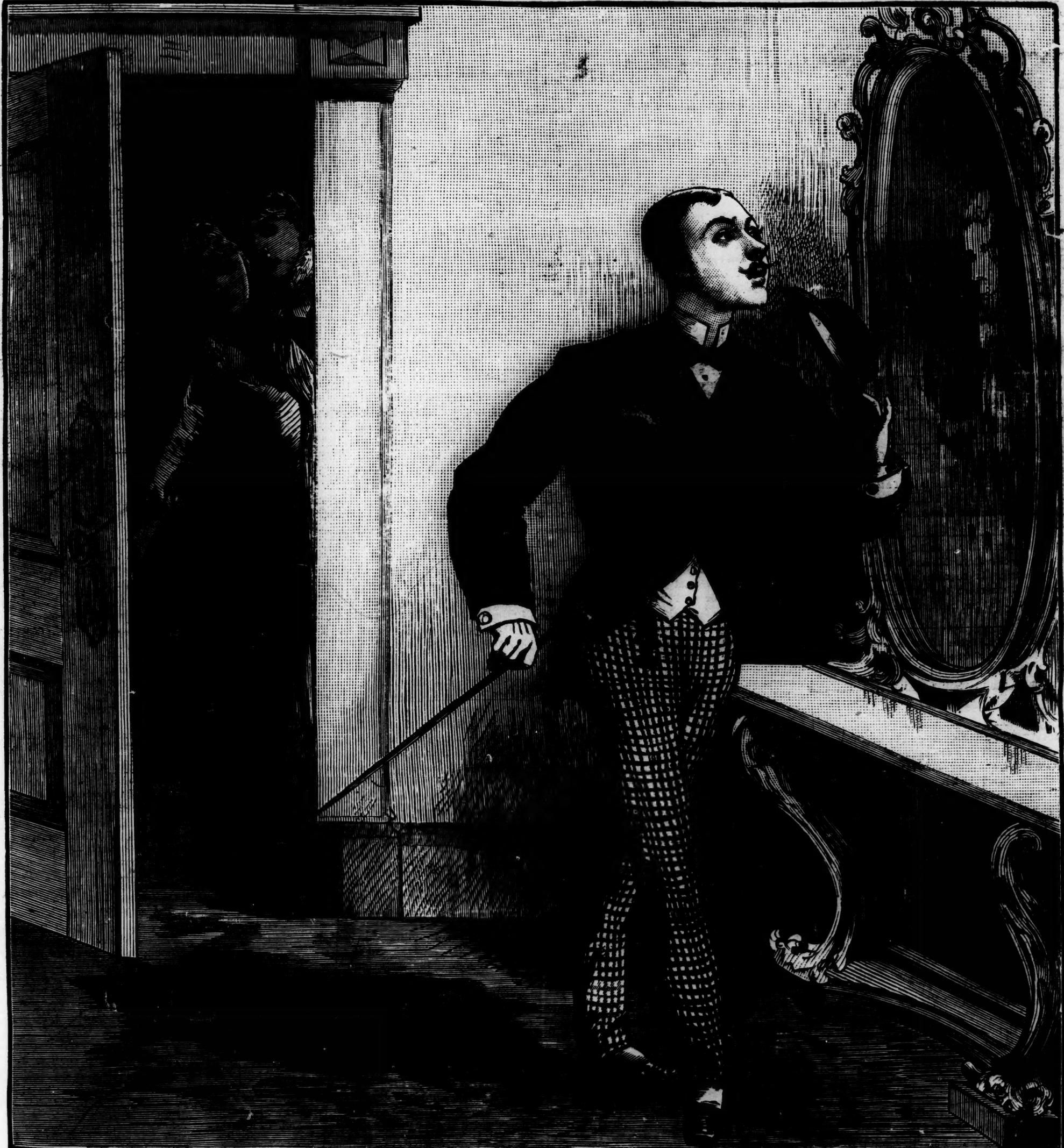
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

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"OH! BUT AIN'T I THE DAISY?"

A CASE OF TOO MUCH REFLECTION—HOW A NICE YOUNG MAN'S QUESTION RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER AND LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM
WAS TURNED INTO BALEFUL REALITY; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
183 William St., New York.

CHAS. is going to let the government run it self while he takes in the October fishing. That's a soft job! The Presidency, isn't it?

Bob INGERSOLL has been singing very small lately. What's the matter, Bob? Has Satan gone back on you in the last political deal?

The ready revolver has come into frequent use in the west and southwest again. The cowboys are to have a lively winter judging from the fall outlook.

WHO shall be champion? Is still the cry of the pugs and there is going to be a grand scramble for the emblem of that much coveted honor, or who's no prophet.

THE journalistic asses who have lately taken to howling morality at us had better pray more and bawl less, to the end that they may not give themselves away.

MURDERS by the dozen reported from Texas. And the moral legislature doesn't want the press to say anything about the state of affairs. It will be a cold day when the POLICE GAZETTE gets left, though, no matter how strong the combination.

THE WILSON will not do for the representative of ring chivalry. He has been tried and found wanting. It requires a higher order of intelligence than mere low cunning to qualify a man to stand at the head of the modern gladiators.

HORSE racing this year has been done to death all over the country but especially in the vicinity of New York, and the fall meeting does not promise such grand results as usual at Brighton and elsewhere, where the salt sea breezes have full swing.

MISS A. ABBOTT after singing an opera through has to lock herself in a remote room on the top floor of a hotel, shutting out all the light by blankets hung over the windows and every crevice. If this is the effect of her music on herself imagine what her audiences must suffer.

WHY doesn't Bergl pursue the theatre managers on the fire question, the dangers of their man trap establishments, and so on? Has he been "seen" all around with new and more eligible seats? Hit it the first time, boss, for that's the sort of pasteboard gag the philanthropist wears in his mouth just now.

Now the press of New Jersey opens fire all along the line at the POLICE GAZETTE on moral grounds. The most ungodly set they are, too, these unheard-of rag-tag and bob-tail militia of journalism that start up from the Jersey mud to pop away at us. Poor devils, we have almost a mind to buy them off with a drink all around. That's about their price. When we grow weary of their yelps that's the way we'll abate the nuisance.

TEXAS is in a frightful condition. The murders, outrages, swindles and general deviltries perpetrated there in such numbers daily are awakening the press of the country and the papers are all falling in line with the POLICE GAZETTE and firing hot shot at the devil's own legislature that controls the state and encourages as well as whacks up with them, if rumors are to be believed.

A BALL-ROOM car on the railroads is the latest wrinkle. The moralists have railed so long at the waltzers, it seems, that they are determined to rail back. As if they were not going to the devil fast enough in their hugging gyrations, they call steam to their aid, these bold terpsichoreans, and add thirty miles an hour to the rate of their progress towards perdition.

WHAT a ridiculous figure that Jersey major presented after we sat on him. Why, you wouldn't know him. He lost not only his bursting rotundity but his backbone and his roaring voice as well. It takes us to show the difference between a lion and an ass. Hear Pangborn feebly bray in the Jersey City *Journal* now and you'd never think he pretended to roar at us.

DIME novel romance is knocked into smithereens. The last of the bandits, Frank James, has foregone the bright prospect of ending his life in a grand red fire tableau of romance and has come in and surrendered to Governor Crittenden of Missouri. What are we coming to? We shall hear of the devil coming in next swearing he has experienced a change of heart and insisting on joining the church.

THEY go pretty far with their bets in the west. Here's a justice of the peace who is reported in another column to have gone two miles naked through a town to win a thousand dollars. We hear of no western girls yet deciding such bets, but they will not be left in that sort of sport. They'll make a break before the cold weather sets in, sure, and the POLICE GAZETTE artists will be there.

SOME men are born to good luck. Such an one was the prisoner who, handcuffed, was taken on a train at Amsterdam, N. Y., the other day. The deputy sheriff left him alone a few moments and while he was gone the conductor came along and demanded the prisoner's ticket. He explained, but the conductor wouldn't have it. He put the prisoner off at Canajoharie, saying he wasn't going to have any tramps riding dead-head on that line. Imagine the oaths of that deputy sheriff when he took in the situation of affairs.

A COMPULSORY education act was frowned down by the Texas legislature on the ground that if all the children had to go to school they would learn to read. In that event they would read the POLICE GAZETTE and often come on some of the little rackets of the legislature when they are on their sly amorous larks with the gay girls of New York and elsewhere. No education for Texas, therefore. The legislative crooks prefer total darkness, mental and moral, to ensure their peaceful pursuit of the devious ways of wickedness.

THE comet now visible has already made thousands of conversions among the negroes of North Carolina but up this way it hasn't had such good effect. The simple darkies think the world is to come to an end and they'd better square up for the final judgment. This can't be so, however, or else Brother Beecher would take time by the forelock and confess. We are watching him and we are not going to get scared until we see him go down on his marrow bones and give away the true inwardness of that Tilton business. When that time comes we'll begin to think the grand final tableau is at hand, and not before.

NOTHING succeeds like success, and nothing is a more certain index of it than the howls of the jealous. It is when the POLICE GAZETTE gains the great popular circulation of nearly four hundred thousand sold copies that the other papers discover that it is an immoral agent, that it talks out too boldly, that it tells the truth with too little deference to the hypocritical principles of the truly good. If we were not a bright feature in the journalistic firmament there would not be so many penny dip candles and cheap journalistic sky rockets aimed at us. But the POLICE GAZETTE still sails along serenely through the blue ether, regardless of the sensation it is creating among the contemptible little sparks down below—so very far below it.

THE modern waltz is exercising the parsons considerably. They think the young men get too close to the virgins in the new style of the mazy. They think they should draw the line where the young men appear with abraded knees in consequence of their terpsichorean exercise. There is a tinge of jealousy in this. If the boys' knees are in that condition what must be the condition of the maidens' joints? No parson likes the idea of making pastoral visits to wind-galled, foundered or spavined sinners. Such injuries deprecate the stock for pastoral purposes. There's always some true inwardness to the moral lay of your modern parson, you bet, and when he begins to howl for the protection of the sisters' knees and morals you may depend on it he has designs on those same knees and morals on his own account.

GUITEAU's sister, according to her husband's statement, has developed into a thorough crank equal in many respects to her delectable relative of national fame. But Scoville kicks when she tries to get a divorce, all the same. We should think he would have a legal separation with delight; but there's no accounting for tastes.

A PARSON on a strike is a novelty indeed, but there's one in North Carolina who has locked the church door and is holding out for five dollars a week instead of three. Locking out the crowd from the golden stairs ought to fetch the money into the collection plate. It's a very mean crowd of Christians that expects to dead head into the heavenly gallery to witness the promised show which the parson-showmen extol so highly.

ONE E. A. Freeman, an English historian, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* his impressions of this country, suggests that it would be "good form" in political economy if every Irishman in America should murder a negro and be hung for it. That's the way he would insure peace in England, but our laws do not work as effectively on Irishmen as they do in England and there is a possibility that after they got through with the sons of Ham there might be enough Celts escape the gallows on pleas of insanity and other modern improvements to form new Fenian circles and dynamite coteries and go for the sons of Albion with renewed vigor and a fresh thirst for blood. We think, therefore, that Mr. Freeman's theory of extirpation in behalf of the British throne will not work.

MRS. WACKERLE, of St. Louis, undertook to get her dead husband's insurance money but the company objected and produced a man whom they insisted was the missing spouse. She denied it but they insisted and would have carried their point had it not been for the fact that the alleged Benedict couldn't tell the date of his marriage nor when his children were born nor how many he had. This awakened suspicion and the case went for Mrs. Wackerle. The company gave notice of appeal. If there is a loophole through which they can escape you bet they'll not pay a cent. We remark that is their usual way. They would prefer giving the lawyers the full amount in dispute to saving all trouble and doing the square thing.

THE Prince of Wales had the consummate cheek to order Edwin Booth into the royal box after one of the acts of his performance to ask him how, in his opinion, Mrs. Langtry would get along in America. Edwin was paralyzed and failed to tell his lighness to drop on himself in the approved American fashion. He thought it over, though, weighed the relations between the Prince and the stale beauty and by the next day had worked himself into a rage over it. Then it was too late, though, to get back at the Prince. We can tell the noble loafer what Edwin Booth couldn't. His daisy is going to be frozen out. Except the snobs of New York and Boston there is no class here that will take kindly to the cast-off mistress of princes. Why didn't you say so like a little man, Ned? You thought so, why didn't you say it?

IT has been decided by a sapient legal authority in Pennsylvania within a few days that a railroad ticket is always good for a ride, no matter what rules the railroad men may make, and a theatre ticket is always good for admission, no matter what rules may be printed on it. And yet the railroad men and the theatre managers fire people off the cars and bar them out of their doors at their own sweet will. If you have a fortune to spend you can fight them in the courts for a year or two. If you haven't you can console yourself by the reflection that although you are swindled and kicked the swindlers and kickers have no right to do it. This is just about the way it is. This is the balance of law and justice in this free and enlightened land at present.

AN old fool in Philadelphia got dead stuck on a married woman and she played him for a sucker for seven years and then shook him after he had gone to the expense, risk and trouble of getting rid of her husband. Now she kicks because an anonymous correspondent has threatened to baptize her in vitriol and has accused the old man of such fiendish designs. This old coot deserves all he gets for having worked his game so awkwardly. A sucker who allows himself to be played for seven years is the prize specimen of that piscatorial species. The woman has been gashed over by the sickly sentimentalists of certain daily papers, but we take no stock in her innocence. A married woman who takes presents from an old man and fans the youthful spark in his impotent frame until it flares knows what she is doing and deserves all the disgrace that may come on her. And that's what we think of the female saint who has come to the front in the last Philadelphia scandal.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

To call a laundress a bosom friend is flat irony.

A SOUTH side man calls his wife Crystal, because she is always on the watch.

THE average hotel waiter is a perfect prodigy at cards—he takes everything with his tray.

THE peal of the organ in a church is much more plous in its effect than a banana peel on the sidewalk.

THE young skipper who takes a party of girls out sailing should content himself with hugging the shore.

"FISHING for bass" is not the proper phrase to use when describing the conduct of a soprano who flirts with the choir leader.

"PATRICK, were you a minor when you landed in America?" asked the naturalization officer. "No, your honor, I was a bricklayer."

WHILE Bennett enjoys his expensive yacht, us common fellows have to be satisfied with a schooner—provided the barkeep'r will trust.

A NEW ORLEANS paper states that point lace stockings are both fashionable and expensive, but doesn't tell just how high they come.

A PUBLIC-SPRITED lady friend refrains from wearing corsets, because she is opposed to anything that interferes with the liberty of the press.

IF anybody ever longs to be a millionaire it is the youth who treats his girl to soda water and then finds he has mistaken a button in his pocket for a dime.

A NORTH country fish wife went to buy a dress. "None of your gaudy colors for me," she said at once to the man at the counter, "give me plain red and yellow."

"Do you buy your music by the sheet?" inquired a young lady of the deacon's daughter. "Oh, no," she replied, "I always wait until Sunday, and then get by the choir."

A TENNESSEE woman has trained a dog to drink beer and chew tobacco. Now you will see that woman will never marry. She has no use for a man around the house.

NEWSPAPERS are claimed to be warmer than blankets. Yes, newspapers keep some politicians so warm that they are continually imagining that they have sat down on the Fourth of July.

SAID the Texas Sheriff as he was about to spring the trap: "Kick and squirm as much as you can. There's about four thousand people present and we want 'em to have all the fun possible."

OSCAR WILDE says we should beautify our kitchens. That is all very well in theory; but if a man hires a very pretty cook there is apt to be trouble in the family. Better let the kitchens alone.

"Yes, Judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that the seat of my trousers was tangled in the dog's teeth and that I dragged the animal away; but if you call that stealing a dog, no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

A YOUNG Englishman visited West Point recently, and in company with a well-known officer there admired the glorious sunset. "Isn't it magnificent?" exclaimed the West Pointer. "Yes-as, it's very nice, you know," responded Johnnie Bull; "but don't you think it's rather tawdry, you know?"

"ARE you not alarmed at your children playing on that cistern with the trap-door open? Are you not afraid they will drop in some day and get drowned when you are not looking on?" said one Austin lady to another whom she was visiting. "No," was the complacent reply: "we get our drinking water from another cistern they can't fall into."

FALL FASHIONS—Boots and shoes will be worn out. Shirts will be put on over the head, trousers will not. Puffs are much in favor with circus advance agents. Hairpins will be used by gentlemen this season to clean pipes. Gentlemen's shirts will be without collar buttons at the back, as usual. All sorts of sleeves are admissible for ladies' dresses, but the coat sleeve around the waist remains the favorite.

A GIRL from Cincinnati
Kept on growing fat, and fattat,
Though she died on battah
For a yeah.

In vain she tried to seattah
All the adiposal mattah,
Till the doctor said she'd battah
Stop her yeah.

"I TELL you what it is, fellahs," yawned Adolphus, "I'm making an awful coronation among the girls. Only wanted a little fun you know, but duced if they aren't all falling in love with me. 'Pon my honor, I believe I'm getting into hot water, yet know." "Do you?" said one of the girls who chance to overhear: "well, perhaps it will have the same effect upon you as it does upon the lobster." "I say, Martha," exclaimed Adolphus, turning around, "you're duced sharp yer know, but blazed if I know what you're driving at now." "Oh, nothing," replied Martha, "only lobsters, you know, are green till they get into hot water."

"TICKET!" said the conductor, as he stopped in front of a Chicago man, who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The fellow addressed handed over the required portoboard, which was duly punched and, locking around, the conductor said: "Where's your friend?" "What friend? I have no friend." "Where's the party occupying this seat with you?" "I'm alone," said he, looking somewhat puzzled at his questioner. "Then what are you doing with two valises?" "Well, I haven't any," at the same time laying his feet with exertion. "Oh, excuse me," said the conductor, and as he passed out of the car he heard the remark: "The biggest I ever saw."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Several Sly Snides and Crooked Fakirs Roughly Raked Over.

Theatrical Husbands Touched Up and a Few New Scandals and Frauds Lugged Out For Inspection.

BILLY THE GOUL is the pale eunuch who guards Pimple's Harem. We thought that appointment as business manager was only a stall. Billy is just the thing for the post. He is the minus quantity that begins the dramatic problem.

THE BROOKS & DICKSON mob seem to be losing patience with the world since the grand fiasco of their "Romany Rye." They have quarreled with most of their friends, discharged several of their staunchest employees and even gone so far as to lock one or two of them up. Lord, but they do take it hard, don't they?

THE JEWS of Haverly's are sticking to their seat as a last resort. Agnes Herndon, a Hebrew artiste of the barn storming circuits and fly-by-night troupes, has buckled to in that wretched piece of trash, "Only Farmer's Daughter." It is melancholy, this last kick of the snide manager. Why can't he die easy without calling in all the "bum" stars from the rural regions to add to the agonies of his last moments?

JIMMY OF THE KISS has determined to go into management on his own hook. He says he has bought a play that is better than "The World." The author is a lady, of course. Look out, Jimmy, you'll get a tumble this time. The beautiful authoress you boast of is only a trap of fate to lay you out at your proper level. You've been soaring pretty high for a barnyard fowl and you're bound to come down. The higher you're up the greater the tumble, remember.

PENNY FLIPPING RAYMOND weakened just before the time of beginning his New York engagement on the 21st, and declined to play his piece, "For Congress." You see Raymond is Raymond always. He can't play anything but Raymond and when you put him in a new part and expect him to reproduce a type character he isn't there. He still hammers away at that wretched farrago of nonsense, "Fresh, the American," but the public has dropped to him at last and he is not going to make his salt this year. So you see the wicked do not prosper always.

WHAT AIRS! Here's Ned Harrigan, who has written another of his peculiar rough and ready pieces which he calls dramas, sending that hamfatter, George Stoute, over the ocean to copyright it in England, so that Harrigan may be sure he may enjoy its run there as well as in this country. Well, well, what vanity! And it isn't a practical joke, either. Oh, bless you, no; he really believes he is such a great author and wit that his fame is international. Gooiness gracious gosh! Who would think this enlightened age could produce such nauseating egotism?

GEORGIA CAYYAN, as we predicted, has been notified by her managers that her salary is too high. She is going to Boston to play the leading part in Gunter's new drama entitled "Courage." If Georgia keeps up this jobbing policy she will soon wear out. The school of the drama she essays is not sufficiently varied to improve her artistically. Let her look to it that she is well paid, for such a racket will not work long. There is time coming, and it is not far off, when a woman who draws the ducats will have to be an actress indeed. There is a great deal of the Bar num policy in the management of Miss Cayyan.

THAT TOUGH OLD CUSS, Bergh, has come out with a manifesto against the New York theatres. He says very justly that in case of fire Niblo's is the only theatre from which an audience could escape and that in the other establishments two-thirds of the assembled public would inevitably be roasted alive. Kereet, Judge, but what are you going to do about it? The hundred thousand dollar Brooklyn fire relief fund is all gone—divided up among the dramatic ring—and now they are looking out for another. Very true, they will have to roast two or three hundred people to get another boodle contributed, but if you think our managers mind a little thing like that you'll get badly left indeed.

THE NEW WILLIAMSBURG Theatre, the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, opened on the 23rd with the Collier Company in "Lights o' London," for a week's engagement. The house was filled to suffocation, and the business of the first week was enormous. The Novelty dive in the same city made a feeble kick by engaging Lotta for that week, giving her seventy-five per cent. of the gross. The red-headed kicker and squaler didn't bring the business up for a cent. It was a terrible week for her. She never played to so little money in her life. And there were warm times in Williamsburg with the snide actress and the snide managers making the first of their death kicks together. The public has given its flat. Henceforth there will be only one theatre in Williamsburg. The fittest will survive, and that Novelty dive of greasy Williams is not the fittest by many degrees.

JOHN JACK, a sort of an actor, after a barnstorming tour of the world with Annie Firmin, a certain sort of an actress, returned to New York a year ago thinking himself a great personage. In reality he was a dramatic "nobody" when he went away. When he came back he was even worse off. He wouldn't believe it though, and he and Annie have been hanging around the metropolis for a whole year fighting fate and insisting on recognition as great stars. When Mallory offered John an engagement to announce on the stage something to the effect, "My lord, the carriage waits," Jack began to tumble, and he has kept on tumbling until he is flat on his back. He and Annie have gone on another tour, taking in the small towns with a new "East Lynne." Go as far as China again, John—don't worry about New York. It will remain in the same place till you come back.

MRS. LANGTRY will be with us in a few weeks, and already Abbey is boozing her cautiously. There is to be an auction sale of the seats, and every effort is to be made to rouse enthusiasm for the lady friend of the Prince. The situation, as far as Abbey has worked it up, is just salacious enough to be respectfully nasty. You can see the mistresses of many men on the stage at any time, but the real friend and favorite of a real prince is more of a curiosity. It plagues the public. They want to know how a woman looks who charms

a prince, and how she bore the mashing of the masher, is royal lightheadedness. As a beauty she will be a disappointment; as an actress she will be a failure; but as a gamey morsel from the prince's table she will tickle the palates of the first society. English "rot" is the fashion on our stage nowadays, and Langtry is a prime specimen.

In spite of all warnings Harry Wall is going to tempt fate this season with young Sothern playing the parts rendered more or less famous by his awful dad. The youngster is quite as bad an actor, in two senses, as his father was, and during the latter's life-time used to mischievously raid the old man's seraglio. Indeed, the senior could scarcely keep a mistress but that the junior would get away with her. Now the hopeful orphan will find himself thrown on his own resources. He will find no seraglio to raid. Even the Eighth Avenue Pimples keeps his guard to preserve his harem against just such fellows as Sothern. Things will be, therefore, sadly changed for him. He will be a deadhead no longer in affairs of the heart. Under these circumstances we think Wall had better give up the venture. There's no use. It will cost too much to start a harem similar to the old man's, and without the seraglio the young fellow's imitation of his "pa" would be sadly incomplete.

THAT MATHER woman of Chicago is receiving a most nauseating beslavering of undeserved praise from the well-beaten critics (!) whom Necktie Hill owns. They are unanimous in the declaration that she is a better *Juliet* or *Beatrice* than Adelaide Neilson was. And this is the kind of rot and guff with which it is supposed the public can be deceived. Adelaide Neilson was a great artiste's genius—so judged by the critical public of two worlds. Miss Margaret Mather is an ignorant, pudgy person, licker into shape by Necktie Hill, and beslavered with critical praises so that she may be slipped down the throat of the public. And then this gentleman's furnishing goods man is the proper person, of course, to manufacture great artistes, and to tell the public what is really great. He's just the chap for that duty, this Mr. Hill—oh, yes; but he will not find it such plain sailing when he gets out of Chicago with his artistic monstrosity. In New York, for instance, we believe the Mather is known and may be recognized by some of her old friends who have realistic rather than aesthetic manners.

THERE'S A ROW in progress between Old Slime and the Eel. Slime is weary of putting up the money for successive failures, while the Eel percolates all the fresh daisies through his office. Slime thinks, as he pays, he should have a chance at the first table once in a while. As this delectable pair consider amorous intrigue a legitimate branch of dramatic management, each will fight bitterly for his rights in the premises, and there is going to be some fun. Old Slime is mad enough over the "funny business" that has been played on him by the Eel to go off and start a new theatre on his own account, but for the fact that he dare not put up his own name lest the "mad dogs" of former seasons descend on the property and scoop it all in; so there is no hope for the nasty old man—he must play second fiddle and pay the piper while the other fellow does all the dancing. He might chance to get mad enough though to burst up the shop, abandon the theatre lay and join the church. Such a step has already been threatened. In that event, the choir singers may be obtained at first hand. That may be Slime's racket. It's just like him, the cunning old opossum. He'll get his fine work in if he has to become a saint to effect it.

JOE JEFFERSON has been playing at *Bob Acres* in "The Rivals" at the Union Square for two weeks. His *Bob* is a queer specimen of your ruddy Englishman. The lean and slumped pantaloons, with a sharp Yankee twang, going through the antics of the *salutbanque*—this is a pretty specimen of comedy art for a standard. Mrs. Drew is an aged person who plays *Mrs. Malaprop* fairly but who gives herself too many airs over it. She was never a good actress in her best days and her condescension in playing this role is not so great as she would have the greenies of the green-room believe. The rest of the company is composed of sickies—yes, including even Rose Wood (Morrison) and that inflated person, Mr. B. T. Ringgold. They are a tough set, all of them, who if taken at their own estimate are demi-gods of the drama. But the most astounding thing is that such a "tough" as Jefferson can hold a position on his little pinnacle on the pretence of aesthetic refinement. There isn't a single flash of genius in his acting—noting is spontaneous, everything is cut and dried and rehearsed elaborately, even to his winks and the trembling of his knees. Even the situations are chalked out on the stage and the failure of one of the characters to stand in exactly the spot marked out for him by the dramatic carpenter who wants to pass for a sculptor, would break Joe all up and knock the bottom out of his acting altogether.

JOE WHEELOCK, it is pleasant to hear, has made a success of his starring tour at the beginning. He is playing a piece called "Captain Wardour," which is a strong dramatic version of Wilkie Collins' "Frozen Deep," written up and elaborated by Leonard Grover. Mr. Wheelock is a strong, romantic actor, of splendid physique, good manly qualities, and possesses absolutely the most melodious, flexible and effective voice of any actor on the stage. Joe is one whom we forgot to mention among the few whom we will guarantee can play Shakespearean parts with power, intensity and intelligence, and this was a strange oversight, too, for he is the best of the lot. The honest ranking order of intelligence and stage technique puts Wheelock first. Booth next, with Wm. E. Sheridan and Charley Thorpe, next in order, and McCullough, Keene and Barrett nowhere. Joe Wheelock has made a hit at last as a star, and with proper business management (which he has always lacked heretofore) cannot fail to get his artistic dues in the favorable critical judgment of the public. He has been too much of a man in the past to profit by the base designs, petty meannesses and dirty tricks of which other and inferior actors have availed themselves. What Joe wins is square—there's no daisy behind his chapter—not does he in any case, "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to dirty managers. Nasty John Setson doesn't like Joe, and has worked against him, but Wheelock can afford to laugh at this quality of enemy.

IT must make the old gentleman who runs the furnace Bob Ingersons does not believe in grin to hear an actress like Maggie Mitchell denouncing John Wilkes Booth, as she is so fond of doing, as a traitor, a murderer and a disgrace to the profession. Poor John Wilkes! If ever there was a full-blooded lunatic who deserved more pity than detestation it was you. You ended your life as a rabid rabot, but you be-

gan on the other side and were run out of Montgomery, Ala., for preaching Unionism and admiring the man you murdered, while the woman who considers you such a blow on the stage did not scruple to sing the Bonnie Blue Flag and wave it over her head, too, on the same stage. Queer revolutions time brings about. Maggie Mitchell, born in New York, stopped being a rebel when she couldn't make any more money by it. John Wilkes Booth, born a Southerner, ceased being a Union man when he had everything to lose by it. No wonder that the one died like a dog in the gutter, while the other runs a summer house at Long Branch and poses for the most virtuous woman on the stage. Such virtue always pays nowadays. Next to running a savings bank turning your coat to suit your company is the very too tootest way of catching on the fugacious dollar, as Hank Paddock will swear on a stack of Bibles as colossal as his cheek when he is full of gin at his wife's expense and rattles her money in his pocket with his back against a bar, while she is earning his living and his luxuries for him on the stage.

THERE'S NOTHING like being a great man. Sam'l of Posen, otherwise Sheeny Curtis, has a valet. So has that high-toned exponent of the blue-blooded drama, Gus Williams, and now another of the aristocrats of the profession drops into the list. Lorenzo Patricio Barreto, alias Larry Brannigan, lineal descendant of the Irish kings, during his recent trip to "Oireland" visited the turf palace of his ancestors away up in the mountains of Clare. While there he joined the Land League and took the usual oaths to retaliate on the hated sassenach. Pursuant to this resolve, on his arrival in London he engaged as his body servant one "Gairge," formerly in the employ of Henry Neville, the English actor. "Gairge" is a regular Yorkshire bloke and has no suspicion of his master's ancestry. If he had it is doubtful if he would have taken service under him. And as Lorenzo gazes grimly on his servitor he swears by the crown and sceptre—caubeen and shillelah—of his ancient line that the iron shall enter the soul of the Saxon, aye, deeper than it ever did that of Carlotta Hawthorne, his former chambermaid. All things considered poor Gairge has a tough time before him. If he knew Larry as well as we do he wouldn't wait for it to come. He would find it a safer job to play valet to a Kentucky mule with a chronic toothache than to do service to the great Milesian tragedian when he gets his skin full of sour wine and his bile well cooked up with admiration for Tom Keene and the rest of the bistrionic rivals he regards with such sentiments of friendship as the devil is reputed to entertain for holy water. Poor Larry, there is only one home for him this side of heaven, that is a desert island where he can be sure that the poll parrots will take lessons in elocution from nobody but him, and the sooner he emigrates permanently the better it will be for all hands concerned.

THE FLAVOR of Sammy of the Entrails has passed away from Wallack's Theatre. "Taken from Life" is not only dead but buried. The latest English comedy, "The Parvenu," has replaced it. This play is all in one elaborate scene running through three acts. It is a weak comedy, with the oldest sort of material in situations, and the weakest of milk-and-water sentimentality in its dialogue, albeit the latter is written with care and moves with a certain grace. The plot concerns a young girl, the daughter of a baronet, whose lands are mortgaged by his rich neighbor, the Parvenu, a bachelor, aged 60. The baronet's wife wishes to square the financial situation by marrying her daughter to the wealthy neighbor. The young girl agrees to the sacrifice, though she prefers an impossible young artist of the cast. Her father objects to the sacrifice, and finally, the Parvenu himself goes back on it, and gives the girl over to her artist, endowing him and her liberally with his surplus cash, in a way that is decidedly unworldly and unnatural. If this isn't the old, old material of every play and every cheap story, what is it? The company, with the exception of Effie Germon, was simply damnable. Such acting has never before been seen in Wallack's Theatre. It is enough to make old man Wallack rattle his bones in his coffin. What in heaven's name is the use of an actress (!) as weak and awkward as Miss Meador, or an actor as blundering as her husband, young Buckstone? And then the rest of them—why our amateur societies haven't so thoroughly bad a cast at command. It is said that, since he engaged this mob in London Arthur Wallack has been afraid to meet the old man, Lester. The latter was mad enough when the names were announced to him, but since he has seen them play he has grown furious. "Arthur, me boy," says Mr. Arris, Oily D'Oyley's great stage manager from London; "Skip out, Arthur, for the guv'nor's in a blarsted blooming bad humor, and 'e will cut ye off with a shillin', sure." Therefore, Arthur has skipped until the storm blows over, and the old man gets rid of the duffers on his hands.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, rigged up with a little cheap wallpaper, and some of the old stock of carpets and curtains from the wreck of A. T. Stewart's business, is being feebly run for the benefit of the dead head storekeepers of Grand street and the Bowery, while the managers try by every means in their power to play roots on the combination that falls into their clutches. The wily, smirking, Jesuitical and Macchiavillian Jack Poole runs the front of the house and sees to it that the speculators have the lion's share of the business. These speculators, led by Brown, are six in number, and are in with the house. They share the extra price obtained for the best seats in the house with the wily Poole and Gilmore. The dishonesty of this practice is apparent. For instance, the Kiralfy brothers agree to furnish their spectacle, ballet, dramatic cast and scenery for seventy per cent. of the gross receipts. Poole, thereupon, hands over every night before the doors are opened, all the orchestra and the best seats in other parts of the house to be sold in the theatre lobby at an advance of one hundred per cent. over the regular prices. The tickets sold are handed back to the ticket seller, and the Kiralfy's are allowed to share only the regular price of the tickets sold, the wily Poole pocketing the extra sum wrung from the public by his agents in the lobby. It would be to the interest of the manager of the combination to have the public admitted at the regular rates, but the manager of the theatre would prefer only half a house, provided all the sales were made by the speculators he controls. At the time the doors of the late Mr. Stewart's gilded tomb open in the evening, not a good seat can be bought at the box office. We know, for we tried it last week. While the ticket seller and Poole himself were protesting there was not an orchestra seat left, the speculators were howling in our ears that they had whole rows of the best seats in the orchestra to dispose of at an enormous advance. Many people, refusing to pay this advance, left the

theatre. This was the loss of the combination manager—the janitor's of the house, Poole, Gilmore and Flanagan, could afford to be firm in their policy of selling only through the speculators. How long do these money-grabbers think they will be permitted to work this double fraud on the public and the combinations that play in their house?

To a rounder who is acquainted with the theatres and their personnel, it is amusing to note the manœuvres of the husbands of actresses in the front of the house. Almost every female star has a man sharing her salary with her. There's Emma Abbott, for instance, with her little Wetherill doing duty among the claque and carrying her bouquets and money home. He says he manages the business, but Emma humors him in the delusion that he is of some service, and likes some one of the calliope of Jimmy of the Kiss at a hundred dollars a week to do the work. There is Catherine Lewis, with her husband, a little crank with an unpronounceable name, who is always kicking and nagging and raising the devil generally, and who is no good under heaven. Fanny Davenport's young husband, Edwin Price, is truly of some service, we must acknowledge that. At first he wouldn't let any one hug her but himself, so he played all the love parts with her. After two seasons he concluded there was something better in the theatre to hug than Fanny, meaning the money bags; so he lets another fellow do the stage hugging and he looks out for the shekels in the front of the house. It is astonishing how kindly the dramatic husband takes to this onerous duty. Maggie Mitchell's little Paddock, for instance. Who in the devil's name would pay him ten dollars a week, except Maggie, who can't help it? And he left a legitimate business to take this sinecure. And Bob Fulford, too, Annie Pixley's spouse. What a fine specimen of your heaven-born manager he is. Act? Not he, since he married Annie. All the work he'll do is to pose in front of the theatre and count money, and scoop it in. Ham, Griffin was a doctor when Mary Anderson, his step-daughter, got the spasms of dramatic genius, and ever since he has clung to Mary, and loafed around the front of the theatre taking in her money for her. We don't know what salary she pays him, but we'll wager he takes care it is a big one: or perhaps it's the other way, and he pays her a small salary for her services. You see he is a different person from the dramatic husband—he's the dramatic stepfather, and sets himself up as the great feature of the show with Mary as something secondary and quite infantile. It is his great terror that she may some day marry and the other fellow may come in and claim the soft berth of handling the boodle. He dreams of it nights and is thoroughly sour and crabbed over it. And then there's that cheeky cuss Chimpazee Johnny, performing his monkey tricks in the box office while little Minnie Palmer toils on the stage. She could engage a small boy to do his work for five dollars a week and profit by the exchange, but she can't shake the Chimpazee. Theo's husband, a mild nobody, trots after the little prima donna with enforced complaisance and a speculative sort of good nature that gives proof he knows on which side his bread is buttered. What he is good for, though, Theo only knows. Clara Morris' Harriett is a grand kicker. He serves in the front of the house under protest and doesn't seem to like his situation at all. He conducts his business with a red-eyed glare that is a broad contrast to the easy air of comfort that characterizes the ordinary run of fatted calves, who consider their posts as dramatic husbands the jolliest sort of a soft thing. The most of these lazy fellows have been so fresh with the display of good clothes, diamonds and luxurious ease, that actresses are in great demand by a class of marriageable men who are desirous of settling down in life and getting a woman to support them. The actress is always a fool in love. She believes the artful chap when he tells her he is a wealthy merchant and wants to marry her, and then after marriage when he sells out his little shop and proceeds to share her salary with her, she accepts the situation with the best grace possible and supports him until some other fellow comes along, if she is pretty, and then finds herself in the same fix as before. Those we have named are the regulars—the lucky ones who have lie appointments, and whose partners cannot discharge them. The irregular forces are more numerous. Every actress, every variety star, every serio-comic of the dives has a husband or a lover sharing her salary with her, or perhaps taking it all. It's a fine racket to work, and the unscrupulous maskers have been eager in taking advantage of the silly women who are public favorites. There's food for reflection in this isn't there? ***

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

A Pistol Fight in a Dark Room, in Which Ventiloquism is Brought in Play.

They are beginning the regular fall and winter festivities in Texas. A correspondent writing from Dallas, Texas, gives the details of a duel which took place on the night of the 18th ult. twenty miles south of the Carrizo Pass in the mining region of the Gaudalupe mountain range. The participants in the duel were George Hollenbeck and Wm Stratton, who met at the mines on the day preceding the duel. They were old miners; the former had been working in California mines for the last fifteen years and the latter in Colorado and Nevada about the same length of time, but before they went west they had a difficultly in Palmyra, N. Y., of which they were natives. After the difficulty they never met until about a week ago at Carrizo Pass.

Stratton insisted on settling the difficulty at once. Hollenbeck at first wished to let it drop but finally agreed to settle according to the code. Pistols were the weapons and a dark room the place. They entered the room and both announced ready from opposite corners. The word was given to fire. Stratton obeyed and Hollenbeck's weapon was heard to snap. Stratton fired three times, Hollenbeck's pistol snapping each time, but just after Stratton had fired the fourth shot the report of a pistol came from the diagonal corner and Stratton fell dead with a bullet through his head.

The simple minded, in fact, densely ignorant, Texans, who know nothing of schoolmasters and who are not allowed any more to even look at the pictures of the POLICE GAZETTE, account for the result of the terrible affair in a strange way. It is known that Hollenbeck is a ventiloquist, so they say he took his stand in the diagonal corner from his antagonist when he first entered the room and throwing his voice made believe he was in the opposite corner and that his pistol was snapping in that corner. As the fight was forced on Hollenbeck the miners thought he did right in using the deception.

Donald Dinnie, Champion Athlete of the World.

This magnificent specimen of healthy and thoroughly developed manhood was born at Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, on the 10th of July, 1837. He stands 6 feet 1 in. in his shoes, weighs in best form 220 lbs, measures around the chest 48 inches, biceps 16 1/4 inches, thighs 26 1/2 inches, calf 17 1/4 inches. He first appeared in the athletic arena when only 16 years old, then winning several prizes at feats of strength and agility, consequently has now been thirty years before the sporting world during over twenty of which he has proved himself to be the best all-round athlete the world ever saw. He has left records at feats of strength in hammer-throwing, stone-putting, etc., etc., which are unparalleled in the history of athletics and though now, ten to fifteen years past his best athletic form, only two weeks ago he maintained his reputation in a contest with D. C. Ross, the champion athlete of America, on which occasion he came out victor in all heavy contests, consequently he still retains the heavy-weight championship of the world.

During his athletic career he has won over 6,000 money prizes, and over 100 champion medals, cups, etc. At wrestling he has never been defeated in his own native style, and can give our best professionals enough to do at any style, also at tossing the caber, Scotch style, he has never been defeated when in fair form. We here give a few of this famous athlete's best feats at weight throwing, etc., which as can be seen far surpass all other records. The distances here stated were done on level grounds and with weights correct. In 1871, at Coupar Angus, in a match with J. Fleming, he threw the 16 lb. hammer, fair stand, 183 feet 8 inches; at Aberdeen, same year, he threw 16 lb. hammer, fair stand, 184 feet 5 inches. At Stonehaven, in 1873, he threw a 22 lb. hammer, fair stands 104 feet 6 inches. At Coupar Angus, in 1868, he put the 22 lb. stone 39 feet 9 inches. At Brooklyn, in 1872, he threw the 16 lb. hammer 130 feet 6 inches, the 22 lb. stone 38 feet 4 inches and the 16 lb. stone 47 feet 9 inches. At Stirling, in 1871, he put the 21 lb. stone 40 feet 9 inches. At Perth, in 1868, he put the 18 lb. stone 49 feet 6 inches; at Montrose, in 1874, he put the 16 lb. stone 48 feet 8 inches. At Navin, in 1868, he put an 18 lb. stone 44 feet 8 inches. At Glasgow, in 1874, he put a 14 lb. stone 52 feet. At Aberdeen, in 1868, he threw a 56 lb. weight by ring, fair stand (total length including 14 inches) 28 feet 4 inches.

He has several times cleared the extraordinary heights of 5 feet 11 inches, at running high leap; 20 feet 1 inch, at running long leap; and 44 feet at hop, step and jump. He has run 100 yards in 10 2-5s, and at hurdle running he has few equals. He has lifted from the ground, to stretch of arms above head, two dumb-bells, one weighing 128 lbs, the other 112 lbs., and a two handed dumb-bell weighing 250 lbs. Sufficient proof can be given that the above records are all genuine and made on level ground with no advantage whatever. We now give a few feats done by this athlete at certain Caledonian Games in Scotland, where the ground was not level but sloped downward the records of which can be found in local papers of the same date: At Dunkeld, in 1869, he put a 22 lb. stone 42 feet 3 inches. At Dundee, same year he put a 22 lb. stone 43 feet 10 inches. At Bridge of Allan, in 1864, he put a 16 lb. stone 51 feet 4 inches. At Dunfermline, in 1874, he put a 16 lb. stone 51 feet 6 inches. At Turriff, in 1860, he got a record of 6 feet 2 in. at running high leap. At Aboyne, in 1864, he threw a 56 lb. weight 14 inches in length—by ring, fair stand, 31 feet, and at Aberdeen, 29 feet 6 inches. These distances were made with proper weights, but the ground being down hill we do not give them as records, but only for comparison with any other athletes' performances on the same or similar grounds and under the same circumstances.

A Virginia Lynching.

A scene that revived memories of "the good old times" was enacted at Charlottesville, Va., early on the morning of Oct. 2. Jim Rhodes, a notorious criminal, the murderer of John O. Massie and his wife, on their farm near Charlottesville, in March last, was taken from jail and lynched. The lynchers numbered 150

neck. During all of these ghastly arrangements Rhodes was calm and almost stubborn. He was raised from the ground by the party in whose hands the rope was placed. When a short distance above, the prisoner asked time for a short prayer. This was acceded to, but, as day was fast breaking and interruption momentarily expected, he was given to understand that he must be brief. After he was lowered the murderer

discovered their intention, and ordered them to disperse. A picket line, however, was formed, and the officer warned not to cross it at his peril. A detachment of mounted guards, a militia organization of the town, were on duty at the jail in anticipation of trouble. These were overpowered, and the prisoner removed from their custody.

The murder of Massie and his wife was most cold-blooded and atrocious. The deceased were old and highly respected. Massie was well-to-do, and supposed to have money. On the night of their murder some one called at the house at 9 o'clock, Massie went to the door, and was literally butchered with an axe. His wife was knocked down and murdered in almost as brutal a manner. Suspicion quickly pointed to the Rhodeses, a family in the neighborhood whose reputation was none too good. The mother and brother of Jim were arrested, but Jim managed to conceal himself in the swamps and forest. He finally made his way to Newport, Cocke county, Tenn., where he settled, and where, a few weeks ago, he married. Detectives tracked, arrested, and brought him back.

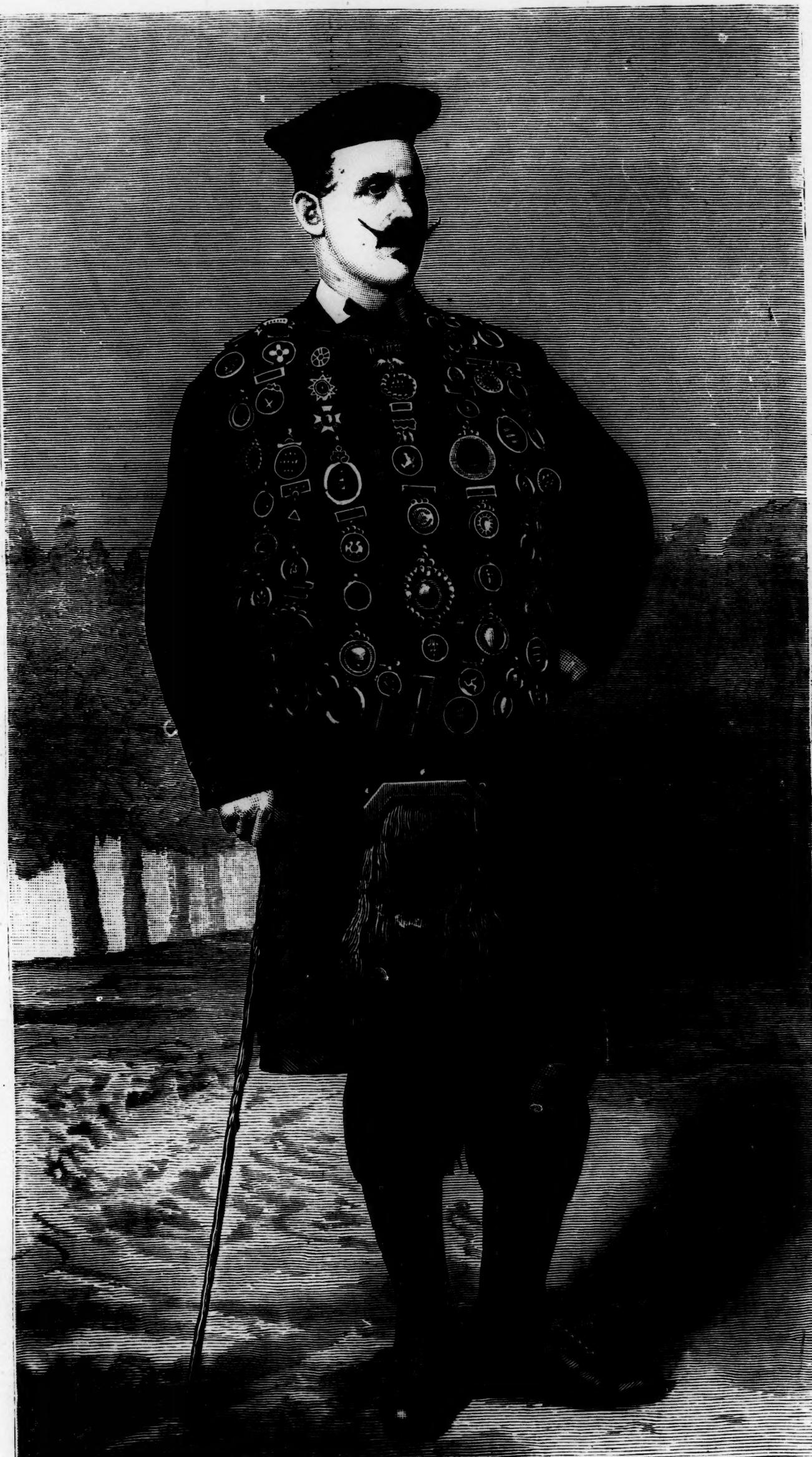
An Infantile Assassin.

Near Norwood Park, Ill., dwell in separate cottages families of enemies, the heads of which are Rudolph Krich and Frank Geritzki. A Polish girl named Julia was employed as a domestic by Geritzki. The only drinking water for the two houses had to be drawn from a well on the land rented by Krich. There was some misunderstanding recently over this well water, and out of this grew a tragedy. Krich, it is said, forbade Geritzki from drawing water, and it is claimed that he threatened to shoot any of the family who attempted to use the water. One morning last week, the little son, Rudolph, when the girl Julia approached the well for water, ran to a closet, and dragged out an old Enfield rifle belonging to his father, and which was loaded with slugs. With this he went to the back-door, only twenty feet from the well. Just as the girl, having filled her two pails, stooped to pick them up, the eight-year-old boy raised the rifle and discharged it. The whole of the girl's head was blown away. The boy proudly marched in and told his father. The victim lived only three hours.

A Mexican Superstition.

A curious case was tried on the 2d inst. at the District Court at Tierra Amaville, Chief Justice Axtell presiding. It seems a man, Felipe Madrid by name, was afflicted with a horrible disease. A friend of his named Medina told him an old woman living at Abigannann, who knew him well, had bewitched him. Madrid believed this statement, and he and six friends caught the old woman, and under pain of death ordered her to cure him at once. This of course, she was unable to do, so she was whipped most cruelly and left for dead. Madrid intended to return and burn her body, but the old woman came to, and dragged herself away and to her native place, more dead than alive. Madrid and his friends to this day firmly believe the old woman bewitched him, and so stated in Court. The jury very probably believed likewise, as they only found him guilty of assault, and assessed a fine of \$150.

At Sandy Point, some distance south of Houston, Texas, on the 2d inst. two men employed as convict guards on the cotton and sugar plantation of Col. Ellis got into a dispute about a bed. The names of the men were C. C. Tower and Erwin Thomson. After some words, Thomson drew his shot-gun on Tower and told him he could not fight him with a six-shooter, but if he would get a pistol, he would fight. Thomson did so, and a duel was at once begun. The firing was deliberate, the distance being a few paces. Twelve shots were fired. Both duelists fell dead at each other's feet.



DONALD DINNIE.

THE FAMOUS SCOTCH ALL-ROUND ATHLETE, AND CHAMPION WRESTLER.

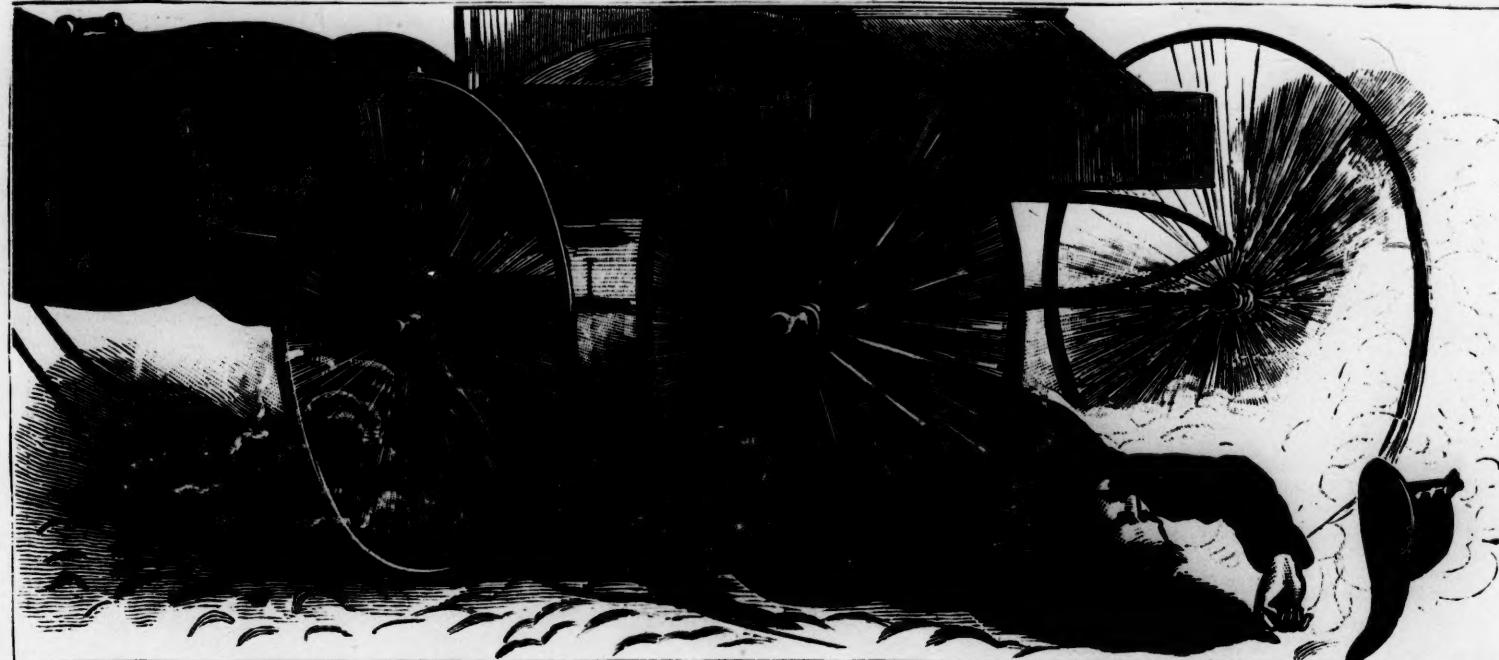
[Photo by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]

masked and mounted men. About 1 o'clock they visited the jail and demanded a surrender of the prisoner. Upon being threatened with personal violence the jailer submitted. Rhodes was taken out, placed upon the back of a horse, and hurried through the darkness to a spot half a mile north of Charlottesville. His chains were then removed and he was stationed under the limb of an oak tree and a noose placed over his

admitted his identity, but refused to confess. After a brief prayer the accused man was drawn up again, and the rope made fast around the trunk of the tree, and the mob left Rhodes suspended in the air. His body was found and viewed by hundreds of citizens. In the afternoon the corpse was removed to the jail, where an inquest was held. The commonwealth's attorney, it is said, followed the mob after he

A Thrilling Episode.

The assistant chief engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department, Matt Brady, one of the most gallant members of the force, met with a terrible death on the 21st ult., in the performance of his duty. He was proceeding to a fire in his buggy, at noon. In turning a corner abruptly, he was jarred from his seat. In an effort to save himself he rolled out of the side of the vehicle, and fell between the wheels, head downwards. His heavy fire boots became caught between the axle and the steps in his descent, and held him, while his head and shoulders dragged on the ground just under the hind wheel. The horse dashed on at a frightful pace, pounding the unfortunate man's head on the rough



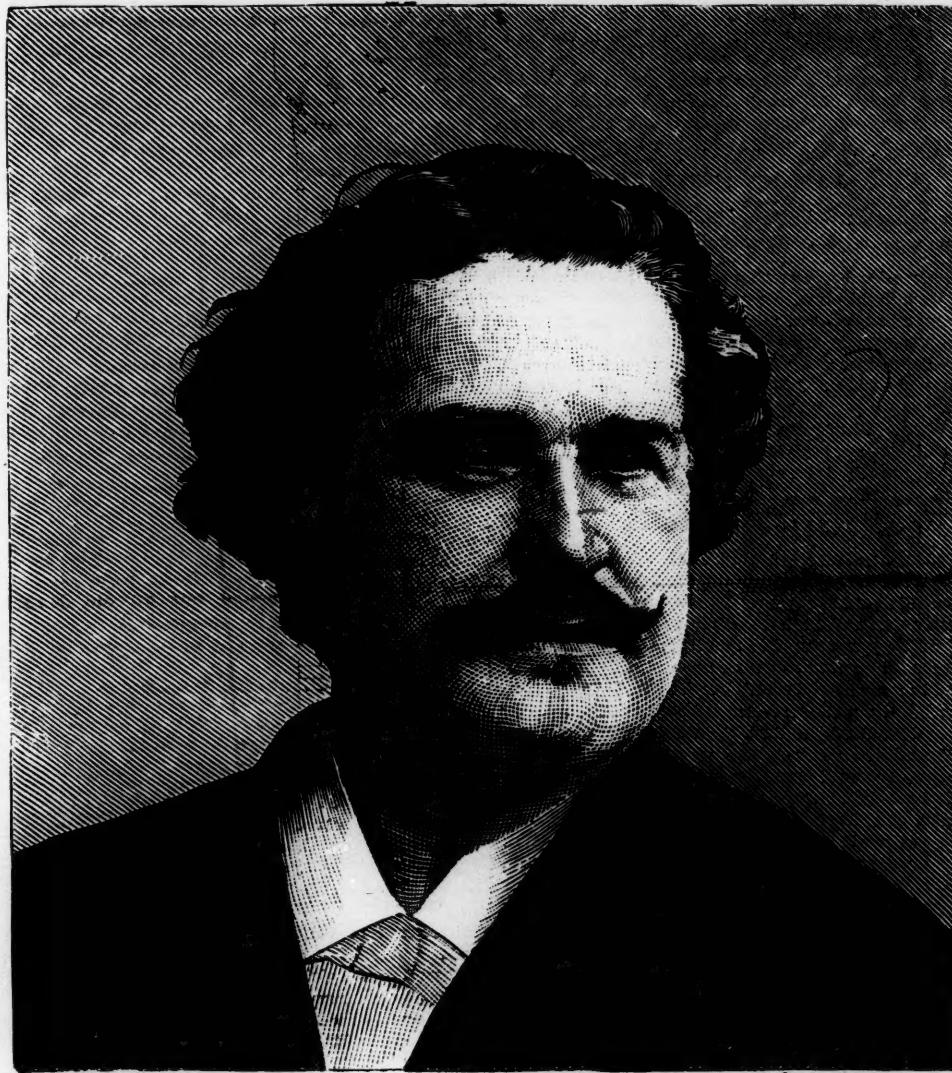
DEATH OF A BRAVE MAN

MATT BRADY, OF THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE DEPARTMENT, SHOCKINGLY MANGLED BY FALLING FROM HIS BUGGY.

whom, however, gave any hope of his recovery even from the first. No bones were broken in his body, as could be discovered, but his head was crushed, cut and bruised beyond all semblance of humanity. His lower lip had a hole in it an inch in diameter, and his scalp was lifted and the skull bared in a dozen places, the back of his head being almost completely torn away. Poor Brady lingered unconscious until nine o'clock that night, when he died.

Fanny Marsh.

Miss Marsh is one of the best known and most popular of the many excellent actresses to whom New England can lay exclusive claim. Up to the period of her retirement from the stage some years back, her career



SIGNOR E. ROSSI.

[Photo. by Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.]



FANNY MARSH.

[Photo. by Mora.]

stones in a manner that sickened all beholders. Occasionally his body was jerked forward, and then the iron-clad hoof dealt it terrible blows as they rose and fell with the animal's movements. A short distance from Mission street the heavy buggy collided with the Potrero Yeast Company's supply wagon, tearing a wheel off the latter, and slewed the vehicle around in such a manner as to release the helpless man's feet, and drop him to the ground. A few yards farther on the horse was checked by a citizen, who led him back to where his unconscious driver lay. Poor Brady's face was unrecognizable when he was picked up from the dirt and blood with which it was covered. He was conveyed to the city receiving hospital as speedily as possible, and was at once attended by Police Surgeon Stambaugh and Dr. Murphy, neither of

had been a flattering succession of successes. Her retirement was due to her marriage with Isaac B. Rich, manager of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston. She soon returned to the profession, managing the Portland, Me., theatre with success, both commercially and artistically, but restricting her labors until recently, when she re-embarked on the career her marriage interrupted. Miss Marsh is as attractive a woman and an excellent an artist as she ever was, and it is assuming no risk to predict for her in the future a repetition of the triumphs of the past.

An Elopement Weakens.

Robert Hayes, the deputy circuit clerk, of Watseka, Ill., who eloped with his hired girl, Lida Baird, on Sept. 10, wrote to his wife on the 2d inst., to meet him in Chicago as he was tired of his irregular honeymoon.



A THEATRE RAID.

THE PLAY OF "BASHFUL VENUS," IN A NEW YORK VARIETY THEATRE, INTERRUPTED BY THE POLICE WHO ARREST THE ARTISTES.

CUPID'S CRIMES; OR, THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE.

By the Author of "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Secrets of the Tombs," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

CUPID'S CRIMES IN ENGLAND.

On May 26, 1882, Eliza Grimwood was murdered. She was an "unfortunate," twenty-five years of age, and lived in Wellington terrace, Waterloo road, London, with a bricklayer named Hubbard, who was separated from his wife. Unlike most women of her class, she was sober, and had saved money. Her "lay" was the theatres, whence she would bring home persons to her room, Hubbard occupying another apartment. That night she was seen in the Strand by one Catharine Elwin with a man "who had the look of a foreigner and dressed like a gentleman"—an Italian who spoke English fluently, who had been acquainted with her for months, frequented the neighborhood of the Spread Eagle, Regent Circus, where a ring inscribed "Semper fideli," and carried a claspknife. She drove home with him in a cab about midnight.

Next morning Hubbard, on going to his work, found Eliza lying dead, with a wound in the neck extending from ear to ear, and several other cuts and stabs, including one on her thumb, when she had endeavored to disarm her slayer. The Italian was never again seen, nor did any one know how he left the house. Hubbard was sent to jail, the police having received an anonymous letter, purporting to come from the Italian, but was released almost immediately, and came over to America. It may be added that Eliza Grimwood's effects were sold at auction and brought tremendous prices.

On Sept. 6, 1882, a rich and rising artist of Dublin, Henry Kirwan, took his wife Maria over from Howth, where they were spending the summer, to Ireland's Eye, a small island of perpendicular rocks eaten by the sea into caves, with the ruins of an old cemetery. He used to go there to sketch while his wife took her work with her and sometimes amused her self by bathing in the little pools collected in the rocks. When the boatman came at night Kirwan said his wife had disappeared mysteriously, and was strangely indifferent when they urged him to make a search, as she could not possibly have left the place. The body was found clad in a bathing dress, the head in a crevice of the rock, and the feet in a small pool. There were cuts in the face and bloody spots near the eyes and breasts. A verdict of accidental death was returned, and the body was buried at Glasnevin in a ground a detective noticed a woman who was not known to any of the family, and following her to Howth learned that Kirwan had lived with her for five years, during the whole space of his married life, and that she had borne him eight children. The dead woman had only heard of the liaison in April. The result of our inquiries was Kirwan's arrest and conviction for murder Dec. 10, 1882.

The prosecution showed that Kirwan and his wife were alone on the island at 4 o'clock, and that cries of distress had been heard on the mainland and by a yachting party at seven; that he had been indifferent as to the search for her body; that he had left the party of searchers and immediately thereafter her clothes were found in a place already examined; that the tide could not have carried the body to the spot where it was found; that she would not have gone to bathe in a spot where there was no water, and that Kirwan had a sword-cane with him. The defense claimed that she died of epilepsy, and that a quarrel over the second family was not likely after the wife had known of the matter five months and had made no trouble.

Kirwan could not testify himself, but wrote a statement for the Home Office, saying that his wife had nominally forgiven him, but continued jealous; that they had had a "tiff," and she had gone away, saying she would bathe, and had fallen or been drowned; that his apparent indifference was stupefaction and agitation at missing her, and realizing his position, and that if he had wanted to murder her he might have done so by overturning a boat and escaping himself, being an expert swimmer, or having arranged that her body should be carried away by the tide. The body was too much decomposed for experts to make an examination. Kirwan produced the sketches he had made. The result was that his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

During the thirty years that have since elapsed the question of Kirwan's guilt or innocence has never ceased to be discussed in Dublin, the partisans of the latter theory being probably the more numerous. In January, 1879, he was released on the ground of his uniform good conduct and innocent bearing, he having shown no vindictiveness during his long incarceration, but always manifested a philosophic resignation, affirming his innocence, while admitting that the facts were decidedly against him. Mrs. Kirwan's brother, it has been said, was long the surgeon at the prison, and remained on active duty after he might have retired on a pension, to see that the prisoner did not get off by "shamming."

On March 2, 1868, Miles Wetherall, whose sweetheart, a housemaid of Todmorden Vicarage, had been discharged by the Rev. A. Plew, on account of his unseasonable visits, went to the Vicarage to take revenge on her master and mistress, and the other household who had "told on" her. At half-past ten Mr. Plew, hearing a noise at the back of the house, went out, when Wetherall snatched a pistol at him and closed with him, armed with a hatchet. The Vicar grappled with him, and they rolled into the hallway, where the servant girls seized the murderer by the hair and clothes, and broke his hold so that Mr. Plew, with one ear chopped off and some twenty other wounds, escaped through the front of the house. The housemaid, recognizing Wetherall and divining his purpose, ran into the dining-room and placed her back against the door, but he succeeded in opening it far enough to thrust in his hand and shoot her dead. Seizing a poker he went up stairs, where Mrs. Plew was in bed with her new-born child, and, thrusting aside the nurse, pulled off the bed-clothes and beat the helpless woman over the head till the neighbors coming in, caught him. Mr. Plew and the baby lived ten days; Mrs. Plew lingered till March, 1869. Wetherall was convicted on the 15th and hanged a few days later.

On September 11, 1875, Henry Wainright, a brush

maker, working at No. 78 New Road, Whitechapel, asked a fellow-workman named Stokes to accompany him to his former residence, No. 315 Whitechapel Road, to receive a parcel. Arrived there Stokes found two packages wrapped in cloth and tied with rope, and a chopper, shovel and hammer, which Wainright had sold as if they had been his own. Finding one of the bundles heavy, Stokes asked Wainright to get a cab, and while Wainright was away looked—in obedience, he said, to "a voice"—into his parcel, in which he found a woman's hand.

Wainright returned with a cab, lifted in the two parcels, and drove away, smoking a cigar. Still in obedience to the "voice," Stokes followed the cab, and saw Wainright take in a dame at one of the theatres, Alice Day, with whom he drove to the Hen-and-Chickens, where it had been intended to deposit the parcels. One had been lifted out when Stokes came up with the police, who arrested Wainright and his companion. Wainright attempted to bribe the officers to let him go, but they opened the package, in which they found the recently chopped-up remains of a woman about twenty-five, five feet high, who had borne children, who, by a scar and a burn, was identified as an Harriet Lane. Thomas Wainright, his brother, was arrested as an accessory, and both were put on trial November 22d.

The woman Harriet Lane, otherwise Mrs. King, was Henry's mistress. He had shot her in the brain, and buried her under the floor in a grave already prepared and filled with chloride of lime, and when the woman with whom her children had been left made inquiries, she received an answer from "E. Fricke" that he was about to marry Mrs. King and leave the country with her.

Henry Wainright at first pretended that this was his friend, Mr. E. Fricke, an auctioneer; then that it was another person. Henry's mortgagees were about to put another tenant into his house, which was the reason that impelled him to remove the remains lest the smell should betray their presence. The defense insisted that the identification was not perfect, and that the remains might be those of a suicide, to which Lord Justice Cockburn answered dryly, that he would charge the jury that it was not usual for suicides to bury themselves. The trial lasted nine days and both prisoners were convicted, Thomas being sentenced to seven years' servitude, and Henry to death. He solemnly asserted his innocence, and declared that he left the dock with "a calm and quiet conscience." He was hanged in private, December 24th, confiding a statement to the authorities which was hardly a confession, though he admitted the justness of his sentence. He walked firmly to the scaffold, closed his eyes and "died game."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Desperate Deeds and Scandalous Doings Occasioned by Jealousy and "Cussedness."

AT 12 o'clock on the night of the 28th ult., Knight Darden, a colored hotel porter, of Atlanta, Ga., went to his home in haste, for he had only been a husband a few days, having married a handsome young mulatto girl. When he reached his room, however, he found Alonzo Burnett, local editor of the colored newspaper, *The Defiance*, snugly ensconced in bed with the blushing bride. Drawing a knife he cut up the editor into the smallest kind of "takes." The wife skipped out of town, the editor went to the hospital, and the husband was not arrested. The affair made a great sensation in the first circles of colored society.

On the afternoon of September 30, Winter Brewer and Theodore Bonta, the former on horseback and the latter in a buggy, met on the road near Harrodsburg, Ky., and drawing their revolvers emptied them in a running fight. Bonta was shot through the hat and sleeve and his horse's leg was broken by a bullet, but neither man was injured. The difficulty arose from an alleged intimacy of Brewer with Bonta's wife, who is now separated from Bonta, and living in Cincinnati on account of a former accusation of the same offense. At last account Bonta was prowling the town armed with a shot gun and threatening to blow the head off of Brewer if he didn't leave the county, while Brewer, restrained by his friends, was eager to riddle Bonta with buckshot and declined to skip at his command. Lively times are expected in consequence of this situation of affairs.

A DESPERADO'S TRICK.

He Slaughters a Tramp to Gain Glory and is Arrested for Murder.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Bob Sweeny, who had belonged to Jesse James' gang and who had been concerned in all his great crimes, had an idea the other day that he would go out of the brigand business in a blaze of glory similar to that which had rewarded and enriched the Ford Brothers for their taking off of the great robber James. He reported to the officers of a railroad company that a desperate gang had planned to rob a train after throwing it off the track at Vinita.

He gathered a number of wretched tramps and left them in camp near the spot, totally unconscious of the trap he had set for them. When he came back he was accompanied by a force of detectives. He opened the ball by blowing out the brains of one of the tramps whom he wished to pass off as a dangerous desperado but the officers saw through his game and arrested him on a charge of murder. This was a terrible come down for the would-be hero who, intending to pose on a pedestal as a hero, had no idea that it was to be the gallows.

SOME TEXAS DEVILTRIES.

Murders, Fights and Varied Outrages in the Lone Star State.

On the 19th ult., two merchants, of Houston, Texas, Louis Roos, a prominent dry goods man, and Ernest Tremont, Jr., a jeweller, had a quarrel about the lease of a store and Tremont settled the dispute Texas fashion—that is, he shot the dry goods man dead in his tracks. The affair made a passing sensation; but they don't mind a little thing like that in Texas.

In Dallas, Texas, on the 23rd ult., Frank Dare was arrested on a charge of chloroforming and outraging a young lady named Miss Addie Weatherford.

In Laredo, Texas, on the 25th ult., a barber named L. C. Schilling and a barkeeper named Archie Scott, had a quarrel which ended in the usual Texas way. Schilling fired three shots from a Winches'er rifle, one of them piercing Scott's heart. The barber killed Scott because the latter asked him to pay his long standing bar bill. Schilling was only slightly wounded in the affray.

ROWS AND RUMTIONS.

Desperate and Bloody Affairs Among all Classes of Citizens.

AT MILLS Point, Texas, on the 27th of September, a street duel occurred between M. C. Curley and Riley, rival editors, in which the former was severely wounded.

ROBERT Ross and a man named Spencer had an argument in Baltimore on the 27th ult., about some minor point of political policy and Spencer failing to convince his disputant shot him dead.

On the 27th ult., a posse of six determined men under command of J. L. Warden and T. T. Miller, of Raywick, Ky., engaged in a desperate fight with Richard Scruggs and his brother William, desperadoes who were wanted for many crimes. The brothers made a desperate resistance. Richard was killed and William overpowered and arrested. Their last crime was the murder of a man in Indiana by whom they had been employed as farm hands.

WILLIAM DYNICWIECZ, Chicago editor, surrendered himself to the police on the morning of the 27th ult., saying he had just killed a man. The police went to his house with him and there found the corpse in verification of his story. The dead man was a tramp who armed with a club waited for the editor in the courtyard of his house when he was going out in the morning, assaulted him and pursued him into the house, also beating his wife and threatening to slaughter the whole family. The editor retreated to his bed room where he had a pistol and securing it shot and killed the tramp.

SOME time ago A. J. Smith, of Vicksburg, had E. S. Johnson arrested on a petty charge. Johnson threatened to shoot Smith on sight but afterward retracted, saying he had given over that bloody design. Afterward he told other parties that he had only made this pacific profession to throw Smith off his guard and get the drop on him. On the 26th ult., therefore, when Johnson entered a store where Smith was employed as a clerk the latter was scared and reaching under the counter produced a shot gun and fired a charge of buckshot through Johnson's head, killing him in his tracks. Smith escaped but the authorities have offered a reward and are in hot pursuit.

A SAINTLY SINNER.

A Presbyterian Minister Shields His Son Who is Charged With Murder and Aids His Escape.

The son of a Presbyterian minister of Charleston, Miss., is wanted on suspicion of murder. A merchant of that place named A. M. Leigh was in the habit of taking his money home from his store. On the night of the 21st ult., he started for home with his money, \$800, in a cigar box. At the gate of his residence he met a strange person who shot him. His wife heard the report and her husband calling to her to bring out his pistol. She got the weapon and hurried out to him. As she approached she saw a man lean over and snap a pistol several times at her husband. He retreated before she got near, however, and she found Mr. Leigh gasping in mortal agony.

She placed the pistol in the hand of the prostrate man however and turning over on his side he fired a shot at the retreating form of his assassin. Neighbors were summoned but owing to the darkness of the night they were unable to follow the tracks of the murderer. The next morning however Captain Turner and the murdered man's brother and brother-in-law traced the assassin from the scene of the tragedy to the residence of the Rev. F. Ward White, a Presbyterian minister. Suspicion was at once fastened on Vernon White, his son, aged 19, who had once been a clerk for Leigh, but the minister and his family were held generally in such high esteem that the popular feeling was against even hinting such a suspicion.

On the evening succeeding the murder, the 22d ult., however, the young man disappeared and his father when questioned said he had sent him to school. The next day, Saturday, the 23d, the father also disappeared. Then it was thought no more time should be wasted in sentiment, so the father and son were tracked to Oakland, ten miles away, where both were found on Saturday night together in hotel. The minister and his son agreed to go back with the party but when they were about to mount their horses the minister asked permission to return and get their overcoats. The young man slipped out the back way and has not been seen since. The old man was taken into custody for aiding him to escape. A reward of \$500 is offered for the capture of the young man.

A LIVELY CORPSE.

A Negro Convict Takes the Place of a Dead Man and Escapes During the Funeral.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A negro prisoner died in the jail at Quallatown, a little Indian town in North Carolina, on the 8th ult. There were two prisoners in one cell—the living and the dead, and the guard left them alone for several hours. The live man, a desperate fellow, conceived the idea of taking the place of the corpse. Hauling out the dead man, he tucked him carefully into his cot in the corner, and squeezed himself into the coffin, which was a tight fit, taking in with him a hatchet which had been left by a carpenter in the corridor near the grated door of the cell. A burial party of four men carried the coffin out at nine o'clock at night with the intention of pitching it into a hole dug in the woods. When they reached the grave side, however, the corpse burst the cerements of the grave, knocked the pine casket into flinders, paralyzed the mourners first and knocked them down afterwards. He was probably a mile away before they recovered their senses. When they returned to the jail they found the corpse in the bed, but made sure it couldn't kick against the burial proceedings before they undertook to carry it out. The escaped convict has not been seen since, and there is very little prospect that he will be recaptured.

WAILS OF THE TOO MUCH MARRIED.

The Boston Courts Overcrowded With Sensational Divorce Cases.

There is an enormous list of contested and uncontested divorce cases to be heard in October in the supreme court in Boston. In the uncontested list are 89 persons; in the contested list 37 persons and in all 126 persons praying for release from their marriage vows. Of these 76 are females and 50 males. It is noticeable that in the first list there are 62 female to 27 male libellants, a proportion of over two to one. In the con-

tested list the male libellants predominate in the proportion of over three to two, or to be exact, 23 to 14. In all there are 26 more women than men asking for divorce. Among the prominent parties concerned in these hearings are Charles L. Thorne, Jr., the actor, and his first wife, Ellen Thorne of Boston. This case, the details of which have recently been given in these columns, though of a sensational nature, depends chiefly upon legal points and will probably be decided without much rehearsal of scandal, alleged or real.

The actor, who is here the libellee, claims to have secured a divorce from his first wife in Pennsylvania or some other of the Middle States before being joined in wedlock to his present wife, who is the daughter of the late John Swift, mayor of Philadelphia, from whom, by the way, she not long ago received a legacy of \$500,000.

Another interesting case is the revival of the divorce action of James B. Pond against Isabel S. Pond, the pretty and well known singer, whose domestic affairs, fully ventilated in court, occasioned such a sensation a year or two ago. It will be remembered that the former libel was dismissed, charged unfaithfulness; the present one is of a similar nature. Dr. George H. Payne, who is a prominent physician at the South End, with an extensive practice, brings a libel against his wife, Julia M. Payne. This case is also in course of hearing before the Probate Court in an action by the wife for separate support. Judging from this outlook the gossips of the Hub will not suffer for want of rare details of scandal this winter.

TRYING ON THE COSTUMES.

A Common Racket of the Amorous Theatrical Manager of New York.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There is a theatrical manager of New York, one of the silent partner kind, who has lately come into the business as a relaxation and to enjoy all its pleasant features, who has begun his season with a serious catastrophe. He has been all summer at home on the pretence of attending to business, for he, in partnership with several well known theatrical speculators, is going to send out a couple of comic opera troupes for which he has engaged lots of pretty girls, whom he intends to costume in superb and costly dresses imported from Paris.

He enjoyed the preliminaries of the season very much, especially the trying on of the costumes. He selected a number of the prettiest girls of the troupe for this purpose and took them with him and the old wardrobe woman to his up-town mansion. His wife and family were in the country and were not expected home, so he laid himself out for a fine time. He darkened the windows and lit the gas to observe the effect of the abbreviated costumes under the most dramatic circumstances. This worked very well until the second day, when at high noon the wife of the amateur manager arrived home and burst in on the scene, creating an anti-climax that threatened to burst up the entire show.

The old lady, however, went into the show business too as well as the old man, for she inaugurated a circus in those apartments forthwith and it was a colossal aggregation indeed. The costly wardrobe was ruined and several of the pretty models were so badly broken up that they will not be able to sing in the chorus or in the choir for several weeks, or at least until they cure their black eyes.

OUTRAGES IN TEXAS.

Deeds of Lawlessness, Outrage and Bloody Murder Unpunished.

JAMES CARROLL killed a man named Fritz Penday at San Antonio, Texas, on the 26th ult. The coroner's jury exonerated the murderer but the United States authorities claim him, alleging that the crime was committed on the grounds of the United States arsenal. The blockheads of the openly moral but secretly sordid legislature oppose this and are determined to fight the government to save their pal, Carroll.

THE Texas legislature, wishing to give full swing to frauds, knucks and desperadoes in their state, tried to rule out the POLICE GAZETTE, which exposes the dangerous and thieving classes. The legislators have been feathering their nests very liberally since with many crooked moral speculations, calculating on perfect immunity, but we are after them again.

HERE'S the last case of fraud on the people of that hypocrite-ridden state. Among the frauds encouraged through the state was the "Daily Cash Marriage Aid Association" of Jackson, Miss. It burst on the 19th ult., leaving the holders of its stock in Texas in deep mourning. In Dallas alone stock amounting to \$4,000 was held. Every city in the state has been bitten badly by this fraud and there are many more like it encouraged by the highly moral legislature, the members of which very naturally wish to muzzle the independent press so that the public may not be informed how they are drawing their divvies.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.</h

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

He Sacrifices Social Position and Honor
in Mad Pursuit of a Woman.

Maddened by the Cruelty of a Married
Coquette He Engages in Shocking
Schemes of Revenge.

[With Portrait.]

Harrison G. Clark, the Grand Tyler of the Pennsylvania Masons, was suspended from his office on the 7th ult., and is charged with conspiracy to ruin the character of a woman and a business man of the Quaker City. Clark is 67 years old and the father of a family, but nevertheless is an amorous old coot who has been playing his points for some time past to get into his possession a young married woman named Mrs. Edna Jordan, pausing at no means that might drive her into his arms. She bore with his persecutions for a long time, but at last blurted out the whole business and went for scalps.

On July 13th there appeared among the marriage notices in a Camden paper the following:

"Shive-Jordan. On June 1st, by the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, at the residence of the groom, No. 24 North Ninth street, Nathan W. Shive, of Shive Bros., to Mrs. Edna Jordan, formerly of Camden."

The same was advertised also in the Philadelphia papers and in the New York *Herald*. On the back of the "copy" taken to the office of the Philadelphia papers was what purported to be the endorsement of the Rev. L. P. Hornblower. All these notices, however, were bogus and the minister's signature a forgery. The lady concerned in the matter is Mrs. Edna Jordan, who has been since June 1, proprietor of a saloon at No. 24 North Ninth street in Philadelphia. For two or three years previous to that date she lived in Camden with her husband, John W. Jordan, who was the agent of a sewing machine company. About seven years ago, she says, she made the acquaintance of Harrison G. Clark, while visiting the masonic temple. The old chap at once cottoned to her, and in a few months had become a regular visitor at her house. Mr. Jordan's business did not prosper and his wife was obliged to obtain employment in a dry goods store in Philadelphia, where Clark continued his attentions, sending her flowers every day and making her presents of jewelry and a gold watch marked "H. to E." The packages were all delivered by Wm. Shinn, the Librarian of the Masonic Temple. Mr. Jordan, she says, never objected to these visits or presents, evidently considering the old man innocent, but Clark urged his suit hotly, suggesting to her that he should like to be with her always, and saying further that if her husband were out of the way their happiness might be unlimited. Then Mrs. Jordan goes on to tell in her own way what befell her. She says:

"On the 29th of August, 1881, my husband mysteriously disappeared, and I have never seen nor heard of him since. He was a man who occasionally went on long sprees, but at long intervals. He had been drinking heavily a few days before, and left word for me, when I got home in Camden from the store, that he intended to go to Paulsboro.

"Not long after my husband was seen going aboard the ferry-boat with two rough-looking men. He appeared to be like one drugged, and sat up on the seat in a half-stupid condition. Several of his friends saw him and tried to persuade him to come ashore and go home, but he insisted on crossing the river. Since that day his whereabouts have been a mystery. Mr. Clark always maintained that Mr. Jordan would return some day; but I always believed, and do yet, that he met with foul play through Mr. Clark.

"My position now became more unpleasant. Mr. Clark came to see me oftener and oftener, and was very kind in providing me with many little necessities. I at last determined to leave Camden and make my home with my friend, Mrs. Lizzie Shaefer, at No. 1,635 Poplar street. I moved over on the 7th of February. On the night of the 6th Mr. Clark was at my house, and Mrs. Shaefer was there, too. We had passed a very pleasant evening, and I don't think a cross word was spoken. When it got late, and I was about to retire, Mr. Clark called me to him and drew me on his lap. 'Little one,' he said, 'I thought you wanted to shake me,' and then he ground his teeth and put his hand on my throat. I didn't imagine he meant to do anything, but suddenly he closed his hand on my neck and choked me so hard that the blood flew out of my nose and mouth all over his whiskers. After that he said many cruel things to me, and once threatened to blow my brains out with a revolver, which he placed against my forehead.

"The last time that I saw him to speak to was on the night of the 17th of May, near Ninth and Filbert streets, when he nearly tore my clothes off in his efforts to get me to accompany him. This treatment was caused by two things. During the time Mr. Clark visited me we had frequently dined at Shive's restaurant. I became acquainted with Mr. Nathan W. Shive, and several times accepted his invitation to drive out with him. This made Mr. Clark very jealous, and I presume that he saw that I was not particularly anxious to keep up the acquaintance. After I went with my little girl to Mrs. Shaefer's house, on Poplar street, Mr. Shive and I had some business transactions together, which finally resulted in my taking charge of the place on Ninth street.

"Between the 17th of May and June 1st I received a number of anonymous communications, couched in very sarcastic language, charging me with being vain, deceitful and all sorts of things. The letters were all signed 'A Woman Scorned.' After June 1st the tone of the communications changed, and they became abusive and vulgar. It went from bad to worse, until they became so filthy and obscene that one would scarcely credit that a human being lived capable of penning such stuff. The most horrible suggestions and intimations were made in the most horrible language imaginable."

This was followed by another form of persecution as novel as it was vile. An obscene French photograph had been carefully reproduced, and one of the two figures, that of a woman, appeared as the likeness of Mrs. Jordan. In the original picture the head of the woman had been carefully removed and the new face substituted. The change was carefully concealed by a ruffle about the throat. When the new picture was taken the woman's figure appeared to be a genuine photograph, taken from living subjects. Copies of the printed marriage notices and the picture were sent to Shive's invalid wife, and were received by her

on her death bed. This made Shive mad, and he joined with Mrs. Jordan in going for vengeance. Shinn, the librarian, has been taken into custody, and Clark has surrendered himself. This affair promises, in the course of the investigation, to develop into one of the most romantic and melodramatic scandals of the day.

TORTURING A LOVER.

A Young Masher Fools a Girl in Louisiana and is Taken into Camp.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young couple arrived in New Orleans on the 20th ult. who excited some remark. They were a bride and bridegroom. He was wrapped in bandages, limped and groaned at every motion as if he had been put through a threshing machine and was sore in every joint. She stuck close to him and watched him as a cat does a mouse. He could not make a move but that she was on his heels ready to pounce on him should he attempt to make his escape.

Several attempts were made to interview the young man but they were only partly successful, owing to the watchfulness of the cat-like bride. It was ascertained however that he was a drummer for a New York house who had in his journeying through Louisiana scraped an acquaintance with the young woman. He had used all his metropolitan fascinations to such good purpose that she was in the worst sort of a predicament. Her pap insisted that the young fellow should marry the girl but he respectfully declined and harnessing up his horse prepared to leave. The old man was no chump, though. He seized on that city chap and with the aid of the girl bound him hand and foot. Then they soured him in a hoghead of molasses and laid him out in the sun for the flies to settle on and torture until he made up his mind to wed. After the old man had secured a parson who lived a few miles away he and his daughter, armed to the teeth, sat down and covering the dominie with their pistols waited until the young lady's intended should weaken. He was covered with a swarm of insects who tortured him sore. His struggles and shrieks of agony had no effect on the determined father-in-law and the prospective bride, however. They silenced the parson's protests and were deaf to the cries of their victim.

At last after enduring great agony he gave in. The flies were brushed off and just as he was he was wed. Then they washed and dressed him and he insisted on starting for New York at once. His bride went with him for her wedding tour. He threatened to drown her if he recovered the use of his limbs on board the steamer, but from his "all broke up" appearance there seemed little chance of his getting square for two or three months, if ever.

A DUEL WITH WHIPS.

Two Georgians Fight Until They are Raw, But Neither Wins.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Harmony Grove, Ga., a few weeks ago as already briefly reported in these columns, a couple of men, a Mr. Hill and W. L. Goss, had a novel duel. An eye witness of the affair thus reports it:

"Hill was the challenger, and Goss said he didn't care to fight with deadly weapons, but if Hill would not be satisfied any other way he would fight him with buggy whips. The distance and other rules to govern the fight were made new buggy whips were procured and the parties to the mark, about five feet apart, and operations commenced. The battle ground was in front of Freeman's livery stable, in the heart of the town, and it was not long until the most of the citizens of the place were looking on at a safe distance. No one had interfered and the combatants were making steady and regular licks upon each other without flinching, and the sticks of the whips could be heard several blocks away, as they went whizzing through the air and upon the backs of the two men.

Occasionally one or the other would back a little from his line, but he would soon come up again to the scratch. Whenever they got tired one would call out to hold up awhile, and they would take a blowing spell, and when rested they would go at it again. The fight continued for over three hours, with short intervals for rest. After the second round Hill, who had no covering on his back except a shirt, insisted that Goss should pull off his coat, which he did, and they took both hands to their whips and went to work. By this time the news of the fight had spread all over the town: some of the merchants closed their stores and business was generally suspended to see what would be the result of the encounter. After they had worn out \$7 worth of buggy whips and were completely tired down they agreed to quit, and Hill told Goss that he was satisfied.

From parties who saw Hill's back we learn that there was not a place on it that you could place a silver quarter without touching the whets that the whip had made, and he was marked all over in the same way. We learn that Goss was not hurt quite so bad.

ERNESTO ROSSI.

[With Portrait.]

Ernesto Rossi is the son of a merchant and was born in Leghorn on April 27, 1829. He received his education at a school in Leghorn and at the university of Pisa. His father intended that he should become a lawyer but the boy thwarted the parents' intention, ran away from Pisa and college and joined a company of strolling players in 1846 at the Tuscan village of Foggiano and at a salary of about three cents a day, his career may be said to have begun.

The early part of Rossi's professional life was full of hardship. The strolling company of which he had become a member wandered in indigence from place to place and the ambitious young actor had a liberal experience of neglect, poverty, hunger and unrequited toil. At length, though, in 1847, at Genoa, he was seen, approved and engaged by Modena and from that time his star of fortune rose.

After other equally successful seasons abroad he entered upon a tour of the United States for the season of 1851-52, opening at Boston in "Hamlet."

As an author Rossi has contributed both to the stage and the press. His first work was a drama entitled "Adele," written for Ristori and long included in her repertory, and this was followed by the drama of "La Pregheira di un Soldato," the comedy of "Il Comico in Villa" and the comedy of "Le Jene." His contributions to the press have been gathered into a volume and published at Turin under the title of "Reflections on the Dramatic Art." These are full of wise thought and useful suggestion in relation to the drama.

GUILTEAU'S SISTER.

Mr. Scoville Reveals Her Middle Age Flirtations and Her Astounding Delusions in Matters of Love.

As is well known Guiteau's sister has entered a suit in Chicago for divorce. Her husband, George Scoville, has filed an answer and a cross bill. He denies her allegations that he treated her cruelly. He denies, too, that she had behaved towards him as a chaste and dutiful wife. He alleges that she has been guilty of frequent and repeated indiscretions. He claims further that her desire for a divorce from him springs entirely from her own disordered mind and that the grounds she alleges therefore exist only in her insane imagination.

He says that she has been of insane mind much of the time since July 1, 1881, and is now partially insane, all owing to the Guiteau shooting and trial. At her request he abandoned his business and spent six months in Washington defending Guiteau. She was well satisfied with his conduct of the case until the verdict was rendered but since that has seemed to consider that it was owing to his want of ability or his bad management that her brother's case was lost. In the month of February, 1882, a month after her return from Washington, she became acquainted with one George E. Earlie, a manager of a certain associated press organization in Chicago, and had frequent interviews with him from that time up to about July 25 last, which interviews are still kept up at intervals. After a few interviews Mrs. Scoville fell desperately in love with Earlie and did not hesitate to tell him so, as she has since admitted to Scoville.

Earlie obtained complete influence over the unfortunate woman and she asked his advice in every step she took. She even consulted him as to her dress, adornment and personal appearance. She pursued him day and night at his office and boarding-house until he was compelled to change his residence three times and repeatedly forbid her visiting him.

Soon after Mrs. Scoville became infatuated with Earlie she began to talk about a divorce and has been anxious to get one. She acknowledged to her husband July 19th last that she desired a divorce for the purpose of marrying Earlie, that she had told him that she was as much divorced from Scoville as she could be by any court and as much his, Earlie's, wife, as if she had been married to him one hundred years; that she was desperately in love with him, besides a lot of other similar stuff, which was perfectly absurd coming from a woman 47 years old and who had been married thirty years.

Mrs. Scoville on the 19th of June last left secretly for Cleveland. On the 21st of June Earlie, by previous appointment with her, telegraphed under a fictitious name to the person in whose family she expected to visit at Cleveland with reference to her as follows:

"CHICAGO, June 21.

"The lady will arrive to-day. I will follow this afternoon.

CLAIR."

Mrs. Scoville however went to the Kennard House, where Earlie met her next day and furnished her money. From that time till the following Monday evening, although a number of reporters were trying to find her, she made herself scarce. She denied seeing Earlie after the Thursday but Scoville believes she was somewhere secreted with Earlie. Mr. Scoville's next charge is that his wife has broken up his home and brought him to financial ruin. She is under the influence of Earlie, and left her home in Chicago under the influence of advice from George Francis Train, a well-known and confirmed lunatic. Under date of February 24, 1882, Train wrote two letters in which he advised her to leave her family. Mrs. Scoville also fell into the hands of Dr. Mary Walker. She next had an escapade with a divorced man named N. C. Bollin, of Red Oak, Iowa, whom she met on the train in April last. For five days she met him and followed him up so closely that he had to refuse to see her.

She next met in New York, between April 26th and May 8th last, a lover of her girlhood named Lewis Hanchett. Scoville was in New York and met her, and she promised to go to the Astor House to meet him. She met Hanchett, however, and he took her to the Hoffman House and procured a room for her without registering her name. She stayed there all night. Hanchett gave her money several times. On the 9th of May last, she returned to Chicago, and instead of going to any of her family or friend's went to a strange hotel with a stranger named Clark, where she registered at nine o'clock in the evening under an assumed name. Scoville, besides these instances of unfeeling conduct, hints that he has still further developments in store. He attributes her conduct either to insanity or great moral depravity.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

Death of an English Cantatrice Whom Boston Claims As Its Own.

[With Portrait.]

Probably the most thorough of the so called American artists who adopted the operatic stage was Adelaide Phillips, who died at Carlsbad, Germany, on Oct. 4. Although Miss Phillips was known throughout the world as an American singer, yet she was a native of England, where she was born in the city of Bristol in 1833. She was seven years of age when she was taken to Boston, Mass., and was eleven years old when she made her first public appearance at the Boston Museum in a child's part in a farce.

While she was a member of the Museum company her fine voice attracted attention and she was given musical instruction by Mme. Arnault. In 1852 during the visit of Jennie Lind to America the Swedish singer heard Miss Phillips' voice and headed a subscription to pay for her instruction in European schools. The young contralto was then sent abroad and completed her musical education under the direction of the famous Garcia. In November, 1852, she made her debut on the Italian stage at Brescia. She appeared in Milan in December of the same year. In October, 1855, Miss Phillips was a corded a warm reception on her return to America in Boston Music Hall and in the spring of the following year she was seen at the New York Academy in Italian opera. She made her first appearance in the metropolis after several postponements on account of indisposition, as *Azucena* in "Il Trovatore" on March 18, 1856. La Grange was the *Leonora*, Max Maretzki the conductor. The newspapers admitted that her voice was powerful and her knowledge of the stage sufficient.

But the debutante did not make a strong impression and as Arditi's "La Spia" filled up the entire season she did not have a chance in another part. Miss Phillips rapidly became popular, however, both in opera and oratorio and her voice grew more powerful as she grew older.

In 1861 the artist revisited Europe and sang there after with triumph in Paris, Madrid and other cities. Afterward when she returned to America she was recognized as the leading contralto of her time and in Boston she knew no rival in public estimation. Miss Phillips sang *Roxina* in "Il Barbiere," transposing the score to suit her voice; *Leonora* in "Favorita" and all the parts in the Italian repertoire written for the contralto voice. She was especially esteemed as *Azucena*, *Mafio*, *Orsini* and *Adelgisa*. The great quartet comprising Wachtel and Santley, Parepa Rosa and Phillips, which was heard here in "Il Trovatore" and other operas a decade ago, is well remembered. Latterly Miss Phillips associated herself with Mr. M. W. Whitney and Mr. Barnabee in the so-called Boston Ideal Troupe and devoted her culture and experience to performances of the light English operas which are now so popular.

VENUS CAUGHT BY THE "COPS."

A Flash Theatre in New York Raided and the Performers Locked Up.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For several weeks the American Theatre, originally a Third avenue variety den, has been running a season of what its manager called sensational drama. The bill was made up of a few variety acts and a dramatic *piece de resistance* entitled "The Bashful Venus." The Venus was a quaint and brazen relic in tights and her satellites were modern in costume and decidedly dramatic in morals. The comedian of this play was a burnt cork artist and one of the objectionable funny situations of his part was his payment of twenty-five cents for a view of the leg of a female artiste of the cast, she raising her skirt half way to the garter and measuring off what she considered twenty-five cents worth of limb.

This was more than even the peepers could stand, so they gave it away to their superiors, feeling justified in their complaint by the fact that the limbs exposed were rather scrawny. A bench warrant was issued on the 3d inst. by the District Attorney for the arrest of the proprietors and performers and police captain Ryan made a descent on the establishment when the piquant show was at its height. It was ten o'clock when the police struck the place. The flashy afterpiece was on and the house was packed with a wonder eyed audience of adolescent youths and young boys. The officers came in at the front and rear entrances simultaneously, creating the wildest sort of a panic. A rush was prevented however by Captain Ryan mounting the stage and making a speech, assuring the audience that no one of them would be arrested. The officers then took in custody Richard Parker, the proprietor of the theatre, Harry Monte, the author of the play and stage manager, and the following artistes who were on the scene at the time of the raid: Carrie Duncan, Arthur Daly, Harry Lloyd, Georgie Melinot, Susie Layman, Daisy Golden, Grace Golden, Violet W. Ballard, Nellie Stein, Sophie Donlin, E. S. Goodwin, John Flinnerty, R. W. Lucas, G. L. Scott, and Daniel Collier.

After the prisoners had been secured the audience was dismissed. The prisoners were marched through the streets in their costumes, followed by a shooting mob, and locked up in the station house over night. The women wept and pleaded to be spared the disgrace of this public parade, but without avail.

BELLE GORDON'S BEAU.

He Conceals Himself in the Family Wash and is "Mangled" by the Old Man.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A wily young woman is Belle Gordon of Indianapolis, but she has always managed to cover her tracks pretty well, especially hoodwinking her paternal relative, who is a religious crank and believes in nothing but revealed morality of the most pronounced church-going, prayer-howling quality. Hence Belle never has any beau who are not loud-mouthed in church and any fellow who doesn't rank A 1 as a young Christian has no business around that house.

But there was a revelation on the 4th inst. and the sanctimonious beauty was found out. At midnight the old man thought he heard a noise up-stairs while he was at his prayers and going to the spare bedroom whence the sounds came made a startling revelation. As he entered a head popped up from a basket of soiled linen and a voice whispered, "Ah, Bella, is it you, darling? What a long time you've been."

The old man had been mistaken for his daughter by a lover who had evidently come to stay till morning. And the young fellow was one of the approved sort too, a dapper, oily, butter-wouldn't-melt-in-his-mouth young clerk prominent among the young Christians and a Sunday school teacher. Finding him among the week's wash the old man mangled him and the next day sent his daughter to Chicago to marry some sucker from the world at large, who made no religious pretences.

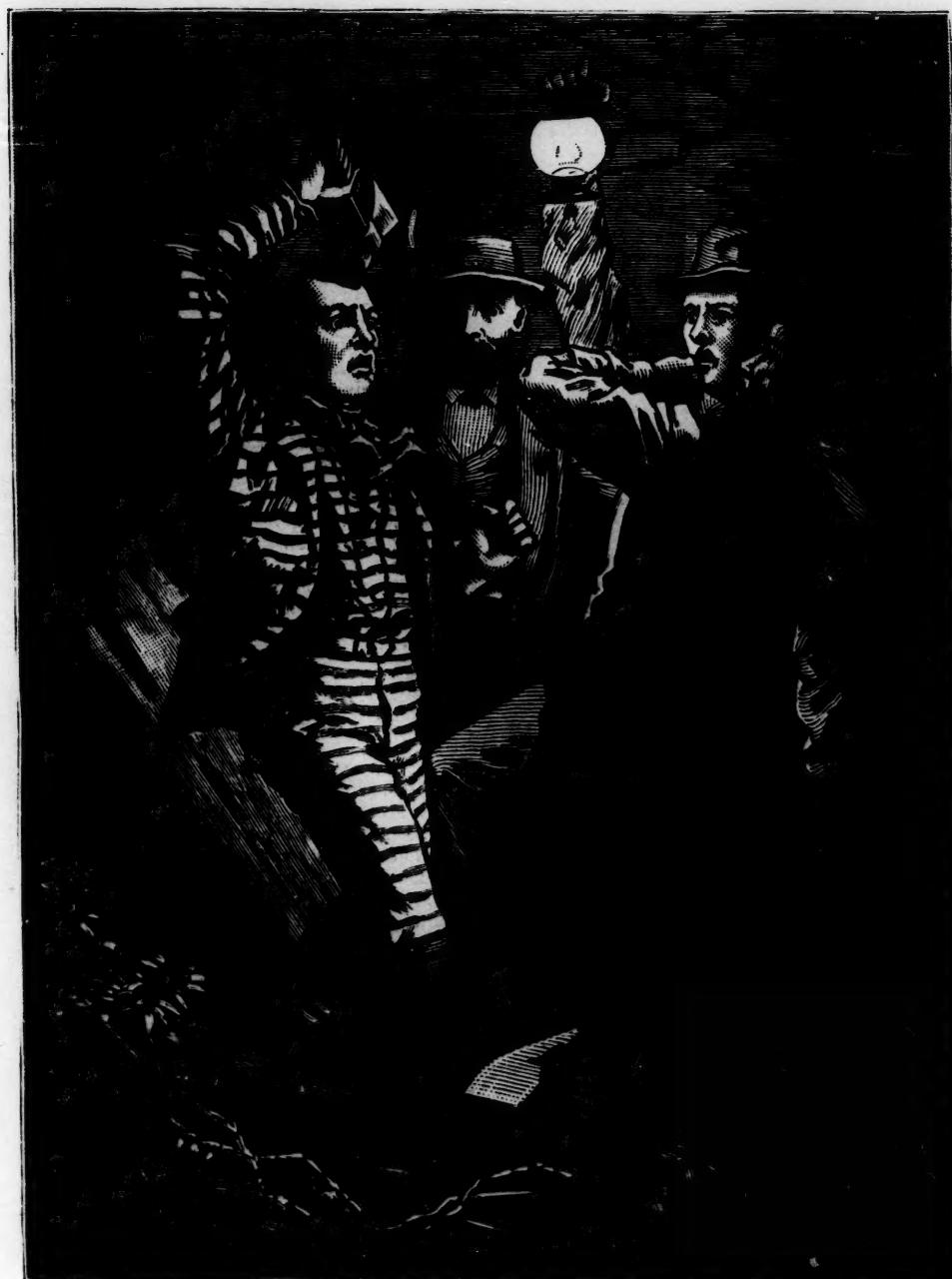
THE LAST OF THE BANDITS.

Frank James surrendered to Gov. Crittenden in Jefferson City, Mo., at 5 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 5, and has been delivered to the Jackson county authorities. The officials expressed some surprise at James' action, as no overtures had been made on



TRYING ON THE COSTUMES.

HOW A SLY OLD AMATEUR SPECULATOR IN COMIC OPERA VIEWED THE NEW COSTUMES HE HAD BOUGHT AND WHAT HIS WIFE HAD TO SAY WHEN SHE SURPRISED HIM AT IT.



A CONVICT'S RUSE.

HE TAKES THE PLACE OF A DEAD PRISONER IN THE JAIL AT QUALLATOWN, N. C., AND ESCAPES DURING THE FUNERAL.



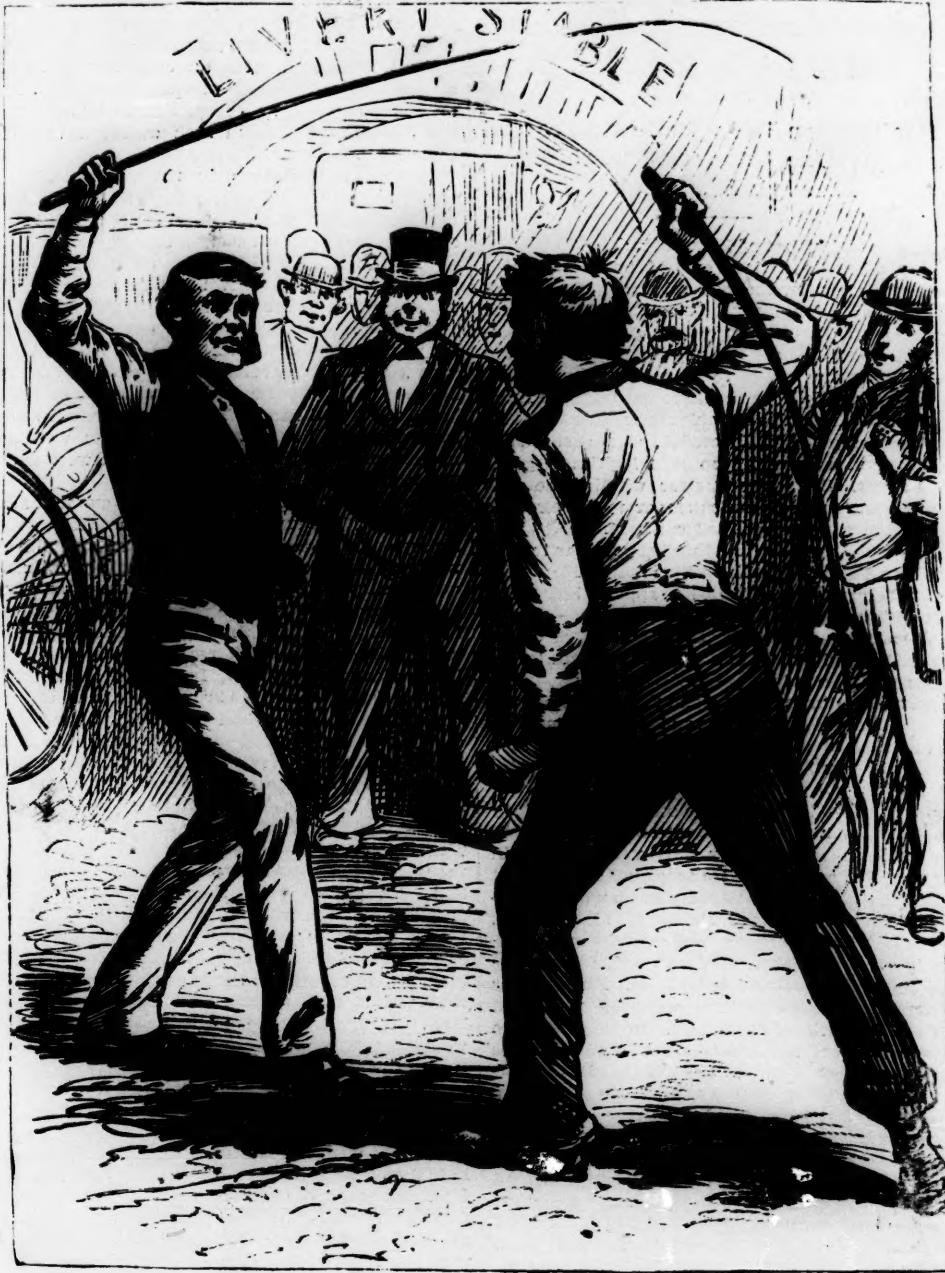
A DESPERADO'S TRAGEDY.

HE LEADS THE DETECTIVES ON A RAID AGAINST TRAMPS AT VINITA, I. T., PRETENDING THEY ARE TRAIN ROBBERS, AND IS ARRESTED FOR MURDER.



THE LAST OF THE BANDITS.

FRANK JAMES, THE NOTED DESPERADO, COMES IN AND SURRENDERS TO GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN, AT JEFFERSON CITY, MO.



A DUEL WITH WHIPS.

TWO HOT-HEADED GEORGIANS FIGHT TILL THEY ARE HAW AND THEIR WEAPONS GIVE OUT AND THEN CALL IT A DRAW.



THE GHOST OF THE MINE.

THE SPECTRE OF A WEALTHY MINER MURDERED AT FRYER'S HILL, COLO., SCARES OFF A ROUGH PARTY WHO SEIZE THE PROPERTY.

THE TRAVELING FAKIR.

Curiosities of a Wandering Speculator's Life Told by Himself.

A Real Indian Who Fell in Love and a Bogus One Who Got In Trouble Through His Cheek.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A man who sells any kind of goods on the streets is too often regarded by the general public as a swindler. The conclusion, it must be confessed, has a dash of justice in it. Like every trade or profession, there are black sheep who creep into the street peddling business and cause people to regard it with suspicion. The general public place the three card monte man, the prize soap fakir, the thimble rigger, and in fact all the robbers who live on the credulity of others on the same plane with the man who sells legitimate goods on the street. It does not matter whether he sells patent razor straps or glass cutters or tooth paste, he is very often unjustly regarded as a cheat.

But there is a very distinct line between the two. A street man does not associate with a fakir. He avoids him; but being often compelled to appear before the public within a stone's throw of him perhaps—notably at fairs and circuses—he is regarded as a bird of the same feather and the odium which attaches to the other accrues also to him.

However, the "fakir" can stand it. He is a philosopher and takes life as it comes and in his wandering career gets too used to abuse to mind it any more than he does praises or flattery. Probably no better idea could be given of a fakir's life in his days of activity and glory than in the following account furnished by one of them to a POLICE GAZETTE representative.

The veteran said: "My first venture was in Pittsburgh, Pa., selling erasable soaps, whence I went to Chicago, then a village in comparison with its present size. On the day after President Lincoln died, April 15, 1865, I made money hand over fist on mourning badges and an affair carved in wood, which represented John Wilkes Booth being hung. Photographs of General Grant and Jeff Davis were the next card and then I fell back on soap again. In '67 I went to California, selling glass cutters and razor straps in Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Francisco. In 1869 I secured a White Spring Indian named Wa-ne-ha, who was part civilized and had been living for a half century as a tramp. I took him with me to Chicago, where I had a fine pair of white horses and an expert driver. The Indian was hideously painted and dressed in buckskin with a liveried driver. I wore a dress coat, a shirt with a ruffled bosom and a huge diamond pin, a glossy silk tie and a pair of kid gloves. Singing, jokes and a mock disturbance with Wa-ne-ha soon attracted a large crowd and goods began to go off rapidly. I repeated the programme for five successive nights. From Chicago we went to Indianapolis, then to St. Louis, St. Joe and then jumped back to Cleveland in time to meet a traveling circus. From Cleveland we journeyed south through Virginia, thence through the Carolinas, New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, in fact, I visited every southern city of over 10,000 inhabitants during three years' travels. Then I went to New York, in the fall of 1871. Street peddling was confined principally to Harlem. We did not make out very well the first day or two. I made up my mind to sell goods however and three nights after we arrived in New York opened up at Broadway and Fourteenth street with one of the handsomest turnouts in New York. The painted Indian, diamond pin, dress coat, and other trappings shone out under the glare of four enormous coal oil lamps. At that time we were selling pain killer. Nearly a thousand people assembled and before the police ordered us away, which was in about ten minutes, we had disposed of \$10 worth of goods at a gross profit of perhaps \$75. From that date forward I continued to sell goods only from a carriage. Leaving New York city we went to Niagara Falls. There Wa-ne-ha met a half-breed Indian girl selling bead baskets and kept close on the heels of the dusky maiden almost every hour he was out of bed. He got drunk continually and went around shouting war whoops until a big black driver knocked him down one day and threatened to throw him over the Falls. Wa-ne-ha's courage wilted and he immediately got drunker than ever and I had to send him adrift.

From Niagara Falls we went to Detroit, where one of the ever present smart men in a crowd pulled the lynch pin out of our wheel and nearly broke my leg. I lay for two weeks on my back and then went to Green Bay, Wis., where a zealous constable named Watters attempted to arrest me for having murdered a man in 1860 in Green Bay, when I had never been in the town before in my life. I established my identity at a cost of \$20 and was released and at once struck east, arriving in Philadelphia in March, 1872.

A few nights after arriving in the Quaker City I began selling electric oil—made out of sweet oil and arnica—from a modest buggy. A tall, long-haired fellow, wearing a broad-brimmed slouch hat, something similar to a Mexican sombrero, stepped up to the wagon and began asking impudent questions and making unfavorable comments. I saw at once that he wanted to make trouble, and, thinking to take the bull by the horns, I leaped from the wagon and clenched with him. He was too much for me, though. After thrashing me we made it up and we became good friends. He turned out to be a man who lived for years among the Moque Indians—the Pueblos or house-builders—of Northern Arizona, and he was thoroughly conversant with their peculiar methods of preparing herbs. To make a long story short we formed a partnership. He assumed the name of Standing Bear and rigged himself up as an Indian. He had some of the finest Indian trappings I ever saw. Standing Bear soon became a magnetic talker, if not a fluent one. We went to New York City, Boston, Hartford, New Haven, Providence and Portland, Me. We then travelled through the interior of New York State and back to Philadelphia, where, with \$3,000 capital between us, we determined to go to Europe.

After spending a few idle days in Liverpool we went to London and thence to Birmingham and Manchester. Our first sale was made in Leicester. The Englishmen had never seen anything of the kind before and were thoroughly astonished. We paid a tax of three pence on each bottle of medicine sold, a rate that is uniform throughout England. Well, sir.

as I said before, the people hardly knew what to make of the extensive way we carried on business. I had abandoned paste diamonds and shown out in gems of the purest water. My partner's make up was so excellent and we played his part so well that every one was deceived in believing him a genuine redskin. We sold, as usual, from an open carriage, and, to attract a crowd without wasting much time, it was only necessary for my companion to let out an ear-splitting war whoop and rush at me with uplifted tomahawk.

"My part was to jump in the carriage where he would seize me and a terrific struggle would follow. I tell you what it is, the staidest old citizen would run as fast as his legs could carry him to see the supposed massacre and we'd have an enormous crowd in less than a jiffy. The first night in Leicester netted us £8 or thereabouts and the next night we took in something like a hundred shillings more. We made it a point to associate with the local magnates and soon were prime favorites with everybody. After Leicester I think our next stop was made at Nottingham and from thence to York, where we did a booming trade. All the intermediate towns were taken in as far north as Hexham and then we went through Scotland.

"In the city of Perth we met with our first serious adventure. The usual warwhoop business was gone through to attract a crowd when a stalwart laboring man, who evidently thought the whole performance was a reality, broke through the crowd, and before any one could prevent him seized my partner by his long hair and dragged him from the carriage. In an instant the crowd seemed ready to tear the poor fel low to pieces. I shouted as loud as possible to explain matters, but by the time the people began to understand "Standing Bear" had been pretty rough'ly handled, and, to make things worse, his white arms were exposed during the struggle, and two brawny Scotch men insisted that the entire crowd should be made acquainted with the cheat. There was nothing else to do, and my partner reluctantly bared his white arms. The Scotch may be slow in some things, but it took them just two seconds to realize that a bogus Indian had been played upon them. We left Perth. The proprietor of the vehicle remarked that it looked like a vegetable garden when he swept out the cabbages and potatoes. Edinburgh, Dumfries, Falkirk, Glasgow, and all the principal Scottish cities were visited with success, and then we went to Ireland. In Dublin our success was very ordinary, and we left for Paris. A stopper was put upon our operation in the French capital, it being unlawful for any one, save a regular medical practitioner, to sell medicines. We fell back on the steel glass cutter, and made a very fair thing out of it without speaking a word of French. I went to Paris again during the Exposition in 1877 and sold glass cutters within the grounds for five francs each, the same as we sell here for a quarter. I don't know of anything better for a stand-by than the steel glass cutter. You'd better take one home with you now, at trade price. No? Well, come in and have a beer with me, anyhow?"

The reporter went.

WANTED FOR SEDUCTION.

The Hunt for Emil Peppercorn, the Mashing Music Teacher.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a portrait of Emil Peppercorn, who eloped from Omaha, Neb., on July 13, en route for St. Louis, with Mary Frahm, of Fort Calhoun, Neb., a girl aged 14 years. The first portrait of Peppercorn furnished us and published several weeks since, was from a photograph taken several years ago. The picture given in this issue is of late date and will aid in his identification by the watchful ones who may be anxious to earn the \$1,000 reward offered for his arrest, by W. D. Gross, sheriff of Blair, Neb. His description is given as follows:

Emil Peppercorn is a German, 31 years old, weight 170 pounds, broad shoulders, five feet eight inches in height, dark hair, rather thin in front, large Roman nose out of shape, having been cut at the top below the eyes and shows dent there, was also cut under end of nose, showing sort of pimple there, has a scar from left side of mouth to cheek bone, also scar over left temple; deep wrinkles in forehead. Has rather deep wrinkles on each side of nose, broad face and hair cut short, drags feet when walking slowly. Had a small sandy mustache and deep dimple on chin. He is a civil engineer by profession, also plays piano and organ, and gives lessons on both instruments. Desires to make himself appear pleasant and makes greater pretensions than his education warrants. Arrest him for seduction.

Mary Frahm, his companion, has dark blonde heavy hair, 5 feet 2 inches in height weight about 105 pounds, one upper front tooth filled with gold. Speaks German and English well, ladylike in demeanor.

FIVE DESPERATE MEN.

They Devise and Execute One of the Neatest Jail Breaking Operations on Record.

Two months ago five burglars robbed the express office at Greenville, Pa., and after a long chase were captured in Oil City, Pa., and taken to the Mercer jail. On Sept. 27 they seized Marshall Hughes, who was guarding the inner court of the prison bound and gagged him and placed him in a cell. Then producing revolvers they forced fifteen other prisoners to go into their cells and be locked up. Then they sat down and waited for the visit of the turnkey and the jail physician. When they appeared they were seized and locked up. Securing the keys the prisoners opened the doors, passed out to the sheriff's quarters, captured the sheriff's wife and the cook, locked them in a room and fled. Their escape was not learned until near twelve hours had passed. Five hundred dollars reward are offered for their capture.

A MINNESOTA HIGHWAYMAN.

[With Portrait.] We present this week the portrait of Ole Shirley, a Minnesota highwayman who, at the head of a band of desperate young fellows, has been making it unsafe for the citizens to be out o' nights in Northfield, Minn., and its vicinity. After many unprincipled outrages, Shirley and his gang robbed and brutally maltreated a young man named Scarles, at Northport, on the night of Sept. 4. In this affair he left tracks that led to his identification. One of the suspected parties, Roland Kingman, being arrested, squealed, and gave away Shirley as the leader in the affair. He has lit out, but is being sought by the authorities who call on the POLICE GAZETTE to aid them in running him down.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

THE Hudson river Baptist association of the north has resolved to withhold fellowship from the Baptist church of Greenbush, N. Y., that church refusing to remove its pastor, G. B. Simms, a married man, for writing love letters to a young lady of his church.

On Sept. 27 Rev. Mr. McClenheim, pastor of the United Presbyterian church at Avondale, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, was assaulted and brutally beaten with a club by Robert Hood, one of the elders of the church, on account of ill feeling growing out of a church trial.

THE Rev. George Cole, a colored divine of some celebrity in Camden, N. J., was arrested and locked up on Oct. 2 for mopping the floor with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sockum, and firing her out of doors. He had wrestled with her in spirit until he grew weary and finally was forced to wrestle with her in the flesh to assure his domestic bliss.

Two well-connected young men of Troy, N. Y., lights of the church, prominent young Christians and truly good chaps according to the modern standards, are charged with committing a series of burglaries. Among other enterprises they robbed the residence of their pastor. One of them, H. S. Frost, has been arrested and the police are looking for his pal, George P. Frye.

AT Lincoln, Ill., on the 29th ult., the trial of the Rev. H. O. Hoffman or Bloomington, Ill., which we gave in detail in last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, came to an end. The committee after deliberating on the evidence found the accused guilty of bastardy, fornication, forgery and falsehood and recommended that H. O. Hoffman be expelled from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal church. The defendant arose and in a quiet, methodical manner prayed for and was granted an appeal to the judiciary committee.

THE Rev. Obadiah Huse, aged 80, sued the Evanston, Ind., Ind. for \$5,000 damages for publishing in October, 1881, an article copied from a Chicago paper laying out the person on charges of having defrauded the Woman's Educational Aid Association of Evanston out of a large sum of money. On Sept. 27 the case came up for trial and a number of witnesses gave the person a terrible scoring. The defense introduced Dr. L. P. Hamline, A. N. Young, Rev. Dr. R. M. Hatfield, George W. Muir and George O. Ide as witnesses to prove the previous bad reputation of the plaintiff. Pressed by the counsel for the plaintiff to tell who they had heard speak against Huse these witnesses recited a number of damaging statements, among them the following: Simeon Farwell said that Huse had won the university \$10,000 which he secured by collaterals and never returned them; also that Huse sold a lot to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad company for the Woman's College association for \$3,500 and paid over to the association only \$1,000, keeping the balance for his own use. William Dearing had said Huse borrowed money from his servant girls and poor people right and left and never paid it back. Miss Frances E. Willard loaned \$400 to Huse on his note but on applying to him for security he gave her a mortgage on a lot in Wilmette. She sold the lot and afterwards found that Huse had never owned the ground. When brought to task Huse gave her a deed for another lot which, while worth \$300, was found to have \$60,000 worth of judgments against it. The parties brought forward as a witness James Curry, justice of the peace of Evanston, who testified that the plaintiff's reputation was good. The people who talked against Mr. Huse were mostly church gossips. Witness had once been a member of the Methodist faith and it was an honorable church in that day, but it now had too many hypocrites and Judas Iscariots in it and he had drawn away from it.

A BEASTLY PLOT SPOILED.

Two Young Girls Saved From Ruin by the Heroism of Rough Miners in Michigan.

They tell a romantic story in Chicago of the abduction and escape from ruin of two girls of that city, aged 13 and 14 years. They met a nice lady on the street several weeks ago, who induced them to go with her on the promise that they should have situations to work in a hotel in Michigan for \$5 a week. They went without consulting their parents.

The day after the departure a man came in the car where the woman and children were and was introduced to them as the woman's husband. That night they arrived at the point of their destination, Crystal Falls, Mich., which is one of the new towns of that section, five hundred miles distant from Chicago. Its population is said to be similar to that which gave Poker Flat celebrity or akin to the character in Bachelor's Gulch. The majority of the men are miners, while the minority is represented by a class of men for whom there seems to be no more appropriate name than toughs. The latter are the ones who encourage such creatures as the woman who took the two children from Chicago.

The night after the arrival at Crystal Falls the woman began to prepare the little ones for their parts in the play of ruin which was her sole occupation. It was given out that there was to be a dance. The woman had arrived with two Chicago sports and the toughs began to arrange their toilets preparatory to playing their beastly parts. The little ones were decked out as they had never been decked before. The web was woven and the butterflies fluttered before it as unconsciously, it is alleged, as the poet's moth about the lighted candle.

The hardy miners of the settlement heard of the game and with that quick sense of justice characteristic of such people they went at once to the dance, unhidden guests, and ordered every rough in the room to throw up his hands and there was a twinkling of hands instead of feet in an instant. The miners took the children, leaving the admonition that pursuit would not be pleasant. The old spider and her companion slunk away in the darkness and the dance broke up at an early hour. The children were taken to a hotel and a lawyer employed to proceed legally. One of the miners remarked that he "reckoned it was better to go according to law as far as it was necessary and if the law failed they would settle the case in their own way."

On the following morning while the necessary legal consultation was going on a party of roughs drove to the hotel, went in at the back door, took the children out before they were aware of the character of the men, put them in a wagon and drove rapidly away.

The movement was so bold that even the men accustomed to the quick work of scoundrels did not realize the situation until the abductors were several miles ahead. A posse was organized and the pursuit was that of men who meant business. The wagon was overtaken and surrounded. The fear of endangering the lives of the two girls is all that saved the lives of their abductors, who when they saw their situation fled. The children were returned to Crystal Falls and a faithful watch placed about the house.

The Chicago chief of police was notified and sent a detective who escorted the children to their home.

AN ARKANSAS TERROR.

Four Men Murdered Successively in One Spot and No One Hanged Yet.

A band of robbers and murderers has for over a year infested the bottom lands of Arkansas, between the St. Francis and Arkansas rivers, committing many robberies and murders and yet always escaping detection. Their last crime occurred on Sept. 29, when John Diamond, a sturdy Irishman, was murdered and robbed of \$50 which he had concealed on his person. Diamond was a track walker on the Memphis and Little Rock railroads. It was his particular duty to watch the long trestles and prevent their being set on fire by passing trains.

At the time he was murdered he was walking the trestle at the twenty-eight mile post. After being shot he fell to the ground below. One wound was with a rifle ball which entered the small of the back and came out under the chin. He was also shot with a shotgun probably after he fell, as his face was powder-burnt and his forehead filled with buckshot.

Coroner Baldwin held an inquest and a verdict of death at the hands of robbers was returned. The pockets of the deceased were rifled and turned inside out. Diamond is the fourth man murdered for plunder at this place during a short period. Maholey, also a track walker, and whose place deceased took, was murdered and robbed of \$5, his body being afterward thrown on the track to lead people to believe that he had been killed by the cars. The second man killed was Connell, whose body was riddled with bullets and who was thrown on the track. He was robbed of \$300. The first of this series of dreadful murders was Jones, a negro, who was shot down and robbed of \$150. The robbers left him as they thought dead but he regained consciousness, attracted the attention of the engineer of a passing train and was picked up and taken to Forrest City, where he died in four or five hours. He described the robbers as two white men who after plundering him decided to kill him and ordered him to pray. After that one of them shot him through the breast. Notwithstanding this horrible condition the state offers no reward for the capture of the murderers and they are free to continue their fun.

A MOONSHINER'S DILEMMA.

Pursued by Detectives, He Takes Refuge in His Cave, but Finds It Full of Snakes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An old moonshiner named Charles Falias, for whom the revenue officers have been searching for a long time, was captured near Dallas, N. C., on Sept. 29 under peculiar circumstances. Falias had operated an illicit still in a small cavern at the side of a creek. In order to prevent the officers from tracking him to his hiding place he always waded the stream and thus avoided making any tracks.

On the date mentioned above officers were in the neighborhood of the illicit still hunting other moonshiners supposed to be in that locality. Falias became aware of their presence and made for his hole in the ground with all possible speed. Upon entering the mouth of the cavern the old man discovered a nest of rattlesnakes. He managed to reach the boiler and seize a dipper of boiling corn juice, which he hurled at his assailants. He soon dispatched the snakes but before he could make his way to a place of safety in the cave several officers of the venomous reptiles continued the attack. Falias saw that if he remained he would be killed, so he took the only alternative, backed out of his underground still house and gave himself up to the government officers on the outside, with the remark, "Gentlemen, I want it understood that I was forced to surrender on account of the infernal snakes inside and you deserve no credit for it." The officers had been hunting Falias for years.

A ROMANCE OF THE MINES.

An Owner of a Valuable Lead Disappears and His Ghost is Heard From.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Last May Gen. Ward, lessee of the Dunkin mine on Fryer Hill, near Leadville, Col., was held up and robbed of \$1,700 while returning from town. The police next morning captured the men, who were placed in jail. Shortly after this General Ward disappeared. A few days ago while a party of miners were at work getting out one of their comrades who had fallen down the shaft of the Climax mine, they found a coat and hat belonging to Mr. Ward.

A sickening odor arose from the water in the bottom of the mine, where it is thought Ward's body is lying. A party of rough and lawless men, possibly the same who were concerned in Gen. Ward's disappearance, made an attempt to set up a claim to a part of the mine, taking possession one night last July, armed to the teeth. They did not hold their ground until morning, however, being stampeded, as alleged, by the ghost of the murdered man, which is reported to haunt the tunnels and shafts of the property. A party has been organized in Leadville to investigate and to recover the body if possible.

The ghost story is vouched for by a woman who witnessed the mysterious proceedings of the miners and saw them mount their horses in terror and get away as if the devil were after them.

HE WAS A DAISY.

[Subject of Illustration.] He considered himself one and he didn't hesitate to say so. It was at Poly Ann's house and he was waiting for the girls to come down stairs. The hand-some mirror in the reception room naturally suggested an inspection of his charms to him, and that inspection was it which drew to his lips the

THE PRIZE RING.

A Cursory Glance All Around the Gladiators' Arena.

Present, Prospective and Retrospective News of the Pugnacious Element of the Old and New Worlds.

Pugilism has had many ups and downs during the last twenty years and several times its decay has been caused by the pugilists making tools of their backers or fooling the confounding public.

In this country there are thousands who admire pugilism, patronize it and like to know all about the doings of the fancy and they will continue to give the lads their countenance so long as the matches between the members of the pugilistic brigade are conducted in an honest, straightforward manner. It was pugilists selling out their backers and pretending they were going to fight when they never intended to do so that gave the prize ring a black eye ten years ago. Since, however, the majority of the important matches of late years have been brought off in a satisfactory way and the public have taken a great deal more interest in the doings of the prize ring.

Pugilism is calculated to make a man cool, brave, enduring, steady, self-reliant, active, graceful, muscular, strong, forbearing and merciful and is seldom brought into use except to protect the weak, outside the prize ring.

Inside the orthodox 24-foot ring it is a trial of skill, strength and courage—a hand-to-hand combat, with both men trained so as not to feel the severity of the blows and to, when possible, prolong the affair until one or the other is tired out and unable to continue the struggle. Compared with the so-called code of honor it is infinitely preferable as the settlement of disputes between men. We think there can be no question on that, hence our condemnation of the one, and broad, outspoken advocacy of the other, no matter what our too moral and refined critics may say.

Using the expression of Pop Whittaker, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg your quiet attention," we wish to state that there is an amateur pugilist of Brooklyn who can mill at 128 lbs. and is eager and ready to fight with hard gloves according to any rules. He is especially anxious to fight Denny Costigan, now boxing at the Alhambra sporting theatre in this city, in three or four weeks for a purse of \$250 or \$300. The amateur pugilist says that the purse will have to be posted with Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE two weeks previous to the date fixed for the battle. We can guarantee that the pugilist means fighting and not fooling and if Messrs. Borst and Mallahan think well of their pet pugilist here is an opportunity for them to make sugar.

We may also state that this clever, plucky amateur will mill Jack Keenan of Philadelphia on the same terms if Philadelphia sporting men will raise a like amount. The purse must, however, be posted with the POLICE GAZETTE.

J. Reed, the noted pugilist, has opened a boxing school at the Royal Standard, Flint st., Walworth, England.

Jim Ennis, better known in English prize ring circles as the "Nipper," offers to fight any man in the mineral water trade in England for £25 a side.

Wm. England, the noted pugilist of Canning Town, London, is eager for a match with any of the English heavy-weights. He stands 6ft. 1in. in height and weighs 190 lbs. and many of the fancy look upon him as the coming champion. England has only fought once in the ring, that battle being with Goodson. They fought according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules for £50. England won in nine rounds in 36m., knocking Goodson out of time.

England is coming to New York and on his arrival will issue a challenge to fight any man in America.

A desperate prize fight came off at Sowerby Wood, three miles from Barrow in Furness recently. The principals were Paddy Rice and Jack McDonald, both iron workers, and hailing from the Emerald Isle. The encounter was brought off without the interference of the police who, although they got information that a fight was going to take place could not ascertain the exact locality. It had been decided overnight by the principals and two supporters on either side that no other parties should know of the place of meeting, so a ruse was adopted by which the admirers of both men and especially the police were completely thrown off the scent. The "office" was therefore given to the friends of one of the combatants that the fight would take place on Walney Island and to the friends of the other that Millom in Cumberland was the locale of the encounter. The police, who had been on the alert all the morning in plain clothes, got on the track of the Walney Island contingent and after searching the place in all directions returned to Barrow without capturing the prize fighters.

In the meantime the fight had been brought off as arranged at Sowerby Woods as previously indicated. The fight, like the Egyptian war, was short, sharp and decisive but both men were severely punished. Only three rounds were fought, in the last of which McDonald was compelled to give in, owing to serious injury to his ribs. It appears that a short time ago he had the misfortune to injure his ribs, several being dislocated, and in the third round he received a severe blow from his antagonist which compelled him to desist. It is said the men will meet again on some future occasion. The man Rice was of course awarded the stakes.

Jem Edwards, the noted pugilist who beat Toby, of St. Luke's, Barney Sheppard, etc., died suddenly from paralysis of the brain at London, Eng., recently.

The London *Sporting Life* says: "Denny Cronon, hearing that Williams of Marylebone has been boasting about his capability, D. C. will oblige him for £2 a side, or his companion, J. Styles of Paddington, can be accommodated on similar terms."

Jerry Highland, the Farmer Boy, of Paddington, not being satisfied with his boxing match with Ginger Perkins, of Marylebone, would like to box him again for £5 or £10 a side, *Sporting Life* to be referee.

The latest sensation in prize ring circles in London, England, is Bill Knifon, the heavy-weight pugilist who fought Scruton. He has been nick-named the 81-Tonner. He stands 6ft. in height, weighs ordinarily 230 lbs. but in condition comes down to 190 lbs. He is well made, muscular pugilist and possesses science. In the bar room of the Britannia recently he announced his willingness to fight any man in the world. The knowing ones of the pugilistic brigade repose great confidence in his ability to justify his boast. He is a clever two-handed fighter and recently made quite

a sensation at a boxing match at Hoxton, Eng., in an encounter with Tom Kent, a heavy-weight, whom he knocked all over the stage, displaying wonderful strength and skill.

An exciting glove fight was decided at the Prince Arthur, Mile End, London, Eng., recently. The competition was for a silver cup, Marquis of Queensbury rules. Jim Ewen and Charley Lloyd, both 126 lbs., pugilists, fought for the trophy. C. Cummings seconded Lloyd and Tricky Hook handled Ewen. The contest was a red-hot affair.

As soon as time was called both pugilists went at it like demons and the greater part of the first round was of the most scrambling description, Ewen if anything having a slight advantage. Early in the second round however he began to exhibit signs of weakness, whilst his opponent, who was in the best possible condition, was recovering his strength. Now and again Ewen got in a little one for nought but he could not withstand the determined onslaught of Lloyd, who drove him all over the ring.

In the last round Lloyd rapidly increased his advantage and landing a stinger on his opponent's right eye knocked him out and was declared the winner.

Connie Collins, the English pugilist, was recently derided a benefit at Rodney Arms Borough. The wind-up was between Curley of Manchester and Collins and was well worth witnessing.

Tommy Orange and Dave Cable, two noted English pugilists, recently made a sensation at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, Eng., by their sensational boxing act which is equal to a glove fight. In each bout one or the other received a black eye or some badly damaged feature.

An interesting anecdote is told of Tom Cribb, one of the long line of English champions who flourished from his nativity in 1781 to 1849. At the time he was training to fight Tom Molyneux, the Black, for £800, he retired to spend a quiet evening at a sporting house in Nottingham. While discussing the merits of some of the prize ring champions a sporting chimney sweep arrived who did not know Cribb. The latter in a joking way asked the sweep if he had any soot to sell. The sweep, who by the way, prided himself on his fighting abilities, at once struck a gladiatorial attitude and landed a heavy blow on the champion's nose, with such terrific force that it sent the claret flying in all directions.

The sweep's bold action and impetuosity of attack created quite a breeze among the company present and those who knew Cribb expected to see the pugilistic chimney sweep knocked into a dozen pieces.

Cribb, with the coolness of a hero, only smiled at the impotent efforts of the diminutive chap to arouse him into activity and with the most perfect composure observed to the sweep:

"I say, Sooty, you have forgotten to mention what you mean to charge a bushel for your inferior soot."

The sweep stamped and swore and was boiling with rage and indignation at Cribb's twitting remarks and again made an attack on the champion threatening to close up his eyes and thrash him severely for his insolence. One of the company was a fighting coachman, who handled the whip for a sporting nobleman, and the Jehu had the reputation of being quite a bruiser and always ready to deliver the auctioneer. Being eager to display his fighting abilities, for he was a giant in size and height and possessed of great muscular development which rendered him hard nut to crack and almost equal to any opposition that might come against him, he at once bristled up alongside of the sweep and began to blackguard Cribb, calling him harsh names and in anything but a polite way informed him that he could thrash him in five minutes.

Cribb replied: "Keep cool, Cappy, or your master will not give you your wages."

The coachman grew indignant and in an instant let go his right mawley, which landed with tremendous force on the champion's mouth, smashing his pipe into a dozen pieces and cutting the champion's lip. Cribb's blood was now up and in an instant he let go his right, which landed on the coachman's nose, flattening his smelling organ and knocking him flat upon the floor. He quickly regained his feet, bleeding like a stuck pig, and was about to retaliate, when Cribb in a twinkling put in his one-two with such punishing severity on the fighting coachman's bread basket that he again measured his length on the floor. At this juncture one of the coachman's stable hands came in and remarked:

"Say, Bill, does yer know what yer are about? Why, you are trying to lick the cove that whipped Tom Belcher. It's Cribb, wot's to have another go with Molyneux."

The coachman quickly scrambled to his feet and holding his damaged nose left post haste, being afraid to have his nose again broken and his bread basket protector again staved in.

In the meantime the fighting sweep appeared panic stricken and expected to be served in the same manner as the coachman for having had the temerity to assault the greatest pugilist at that time in the world. He quickly recovered from his surprise and with humble submission begged Tom Cribb's pardon, asking him to have some brandy and water. Cribb said, putting out his ponderous hand to the sweep to shake, "With all my heart, Sooty. You're a little game cock and I'm proud of your pluck, but hang me if we have killed the coachman."

Some time since Charley Norton, the light-weight champion pugilist of America, posted a deposit with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and issued a challenge to fight Ed. McGlinchey of Bridgeport, the noted boxer and boniface, agreeing to allow McGlinchey to weigh 133 lbs., while he would confine himself to the limit of the light-weight championship weight 133 lbs.

The challenge created no little excitement in sporting circles, as it was well known that Norton was in earnest, and the many patrons of the prize ring have been since anxiously awaiting a reply from the Bridgeport boxer.

On Monday, October 24, Tom McAlpine, the veteran pugilist, who had been delegated by Sam Merritt, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following reply to Norton's *defi.*

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR: I will make a match to fight Charley Norton for \$1,000 a side or a purse of \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America. That, a sporting man of this city offers to "put up." Said fight to be for the light-weight championship, according to the Queensbury rules, with hard gloves, men to weigh the day before fighting. If for a purse said purse to be deposited two weeks previous to the contest. In the hands of Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE. I will meet Norton at the GAZETTE office at any time and sign articles. Said contest to take place within 100 miles of New York in six weeks from signing articles.

ED. McGLINCHY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
182 William Street, New York.

C. C., St. Paul, Minn.—No.

M. S., Rochester, N. Y.—No.

S. W. R., Jackson, Miss.—No.

D. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—No.

E. G., Codner, N. Y.—In Oregon.

J. G., Davenport, Iowa.—Not that we heard of.

B. J. M., Massillon, Ohio.—The Jack of course.

W. M., Chicago, Ill.—We have already published the picture.

HARRY OLIVER, Cleveland, O.—Send us your photo at once and address.

J. F. K., Nellisville, Wis.—There is no authentic record for the performance.

A. O. A., Columbus, Ga.—Send 75 cents and we will furnish you the book you require.

J. B. C., Elleville, N. Y.—Which O'Leary belt do you mean to have been competed for?

J. R. MILLER, Alexander, N. Y.—We have no space to publish the records you require.

OLD PEAGENT, East Elizabeth, Pa.—Bibby stands 5 feet 4 inches in height, Acton 5 feet 5 inches.

G. G., Keota, Iowa.—We only answer correspondents through the POLICE GAZETTE and not by mail.

B. W. ELLISON, Providence, R. I.—The money you left with the POLICE GAZETTE was handed Frank Whittaker.

C. D. M., Colorado.—Apply through the Patent Office at Washington and furnish a draught or model with the application.

P. S. W., Waltham, Mass.—Wallace Ross defeated Hanlan in the International Regatta held on the Secon River, R. I.

ALFRED HARRIS, Berin, Macon County, Missouri.—The forfeit should be awarded to the man that was at the mark ready to run.

J. C., Brookfield, Mass.—Write to Frank Hart. He will be better able to inform you. 2. Heenan's parents were Irish descent.

G. G., Boston, Mass.—Prof. J. J. Bagley teaches boxing in your city. Inquire at James Keenan's Sporting House, 95 Portland street.

G. Z., Whitefish Point, Mich.—Sullivan, the champion pugilist, is travelling with the Sargent Combination and drawing large houses.

READER, What Cheer, Iowa.—We cannot vouch for goods advertised, and purchasers must run their own risks without our indorsement.

J. W. S., Baltimore, Md.—The fastest time on record for one mile heel-and-toe walking is 6m. 28s., made by Wm. Perkins at London, Eng., June 1, 1874.

M. S., Port Hope Canada.—Wm. B. Curtis, of New York, with harness, has lifted 3,300 lbs., Ambrose Butts, of Auburn, N. Y., 2,737 lbs., and John J. Lucas, of Belleville, Ill., 2,700 lbs.

S. W., Troy, N. Y.—Jim Elliott has deposited \$1,000 with Richard K. Fox, and offers to fight any man in America (bar John L. Sullivan) for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world.

JOHN GIBSON, Rich Hill, Mo.—The "Life of John C. Heenan," "John Morrissey" and "Jem Mace" all contain the Rules of the London Prize Ring. The above books are for sale on all news stands.

W. C. D., San Francisco, Cal.—It was not against the games, but because the regular programme had been changed and did not contain the regular competitions Daly and Lynch had agreed to contend in.

G. M., Bordentown, N. J.—The following are the only trotters up to date that have trotted in 2:14 or better, with their records: Maud S. 2:10 1/2, St. Julian, 2:11 1/4, Rarus 2:13 1/4, Goldsmith Maid 2:14, Clingstone 2:14.

M. S., Wheeling, W. Va.—Bill Brown and Tom Kelly, the English pugilists, were to have fought at Carleton on Trentnott's, England, for £200 on July 22, 1863. Both pugilists were in the ring but failed to agree upon a referee.

M. W., Pottsville.—No. 2. Send for the "American Athlete." 3. Judge Fullerton's time to wagon, 2:20 1/4, made in California Nov. 21, 1874, was the best on record to date.

M. W., Jackson, Miss.—Joe Wormald arrived in New York from England in December, 1867. 2. Jem Mace was matched to fight Wormald in England and received £120 forfeit owing to Wormald straining the muscles of his arm and being unable to conclude training.

W. G., Charleston, S. C.—Peter Crawley and Jem Ward fought for £200 and the championship of England at Royston Heath, Cambridgeshire, Eng., Jan. 2, 1827. 2. Crawley won in 11 rounds lasting 26 minutes. 3. Ward challenged Crawley to fight again for £1,000 and the title but he refused.

W. S., Alexandria, Va.—John Morrissey was elected to Congress Nov. 6, 1868, and re-elected in November, 1868. In November, 1875, he was elected State Senator and re-elected in 1877. 2. Sullivan beat Hammer Lane in England Feb. 2, 1841, in 19 rounds in 34 minutes. Hammer Lane broke his arm.

R. M. P., Nashville, Tenn.—Barney Aaron's seconds, when he was defeated by Sam Collyer, at Pohick Landing, Va., June 21, 1868, were Dan Kerrigan and Dooney Harris. 2. Jim Dunne and Joe Coburn seconded Aaron when he fought and defeated Collyer at Aquia Creek, Va., June 13, 1867.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Joshua Ward was born May 11, 1838. On June 6, 1863, Joe West and Dick Collins fought near London, Eng. The latter never left his bed after the mill and died. West was tried for manslaughter at London, July 15, 1863, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

H. W., Pottsville, Pa.—Flora Bell's, the pacing mare, record is 2:15 1/4, but it is understood she can pace a mile in 2:11 when required to do so. Messrs. Wilson & McCarthy bought her from William Neal for \$4,000. Neal paid \$15 for her before her pacing qualities were discovered. It will take \$17,000 to purchase her.

J. W., Albany, N. Y.—It was more than 20 years ago, and you win. 2. Michael Phelan came to America from Ireland in 1824. The great 2,000 point billiard match for \$5,000 and the championship between Phelan and John Seevieter was played at Fireman's Hall, Detroit, Mich., April 12, 1859. Phelan won by 96 points.

S. H., Detroit, Mich.—The Great Eastern was launched Jan., 1858. She is 600 feet long with 85 feet beam. Ordinary tonnage 12,000. 2. No. 3. In the race between Hanlan and Courtney at Lachine, Hanlan was first around the stakeboat, there being a length between them when they had straightened for the return.



TORTURING A LOVER.

A YOUNG MASHER WHO FOOLS A LOUISIANA GIRL IS TIED HAND AND FOOT, SMEARED WITH MOLASSES AND LAID IN THE SUN TO BE TORTURED BY FLIES UNTIL HE CONSENTS TO MARRY.

the assassin. She had received a blow from some blunt instrument on the back of her head, on the top of her head, on the right side, and one nearly over the left eye—the latter had crushed the skull—and other bruises and scratches, and upon further examination it was found that she had been shot in the left shoulder, the ball passing entirely through, and a

came from the same neighborhood in Ohio that the Coplands hailed from, and who was employed for a time as a farm hand by a farmer named Ezekiel Cole, living near by, was at once arrested as the murderer. On being locked up he weakened and confessed. He had heard that the Coplands had eighty dollars in their house and he had gone there to get it, knowing that



OLE SHIRLEY,

HIGHWAYMAN AND DESPERADO, WANTED AT NORTHPORT, MINN.

A Cruel Murder.

On the afternoon of Aug. 26, a shocking murder was discovered near Kewanee, Ill. The victim was Mrs. Copland, wife of Joseph L. Copland, residing four miles south of the town named. The woman had been murdered in her bedroom, and there were signs of a desperate struggle. She had burst through the screen door of her apartment in her efforts to get away from



A BEAU IN THE WASH.

AN AMOROUS INDIANAPOLIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER IS CAUGHT AMONG THE SOILED LINEN AND GETS "MANGLED."



SYLVESTER K. MACKINSON,

MURDERER OF MRS. J. L. COPLAND AT KEWANEE, ILL.

second shot had penetrated the back, just below the left shoulder blade, and lodged just beneath the skin in the centre of the breast. This ball was sufficiently near the surface to be easily extracted. The instrument used for beating her about the head was evidently a piece of pine board found on the floor of the bedroom. Sylvester L. Mackinson, a young man aged 25, who

the woman was alone. She asked him to bring in some wood for her. He did so, and with it brought the board which he used as a club to kill her with. When she stooped to get the wood out of the box he struck her with the board, breaking it in two. She ran through the room to get away from him, but he overtook her in the bedroom and then struck the blow



EMIL PEPPERKORN,

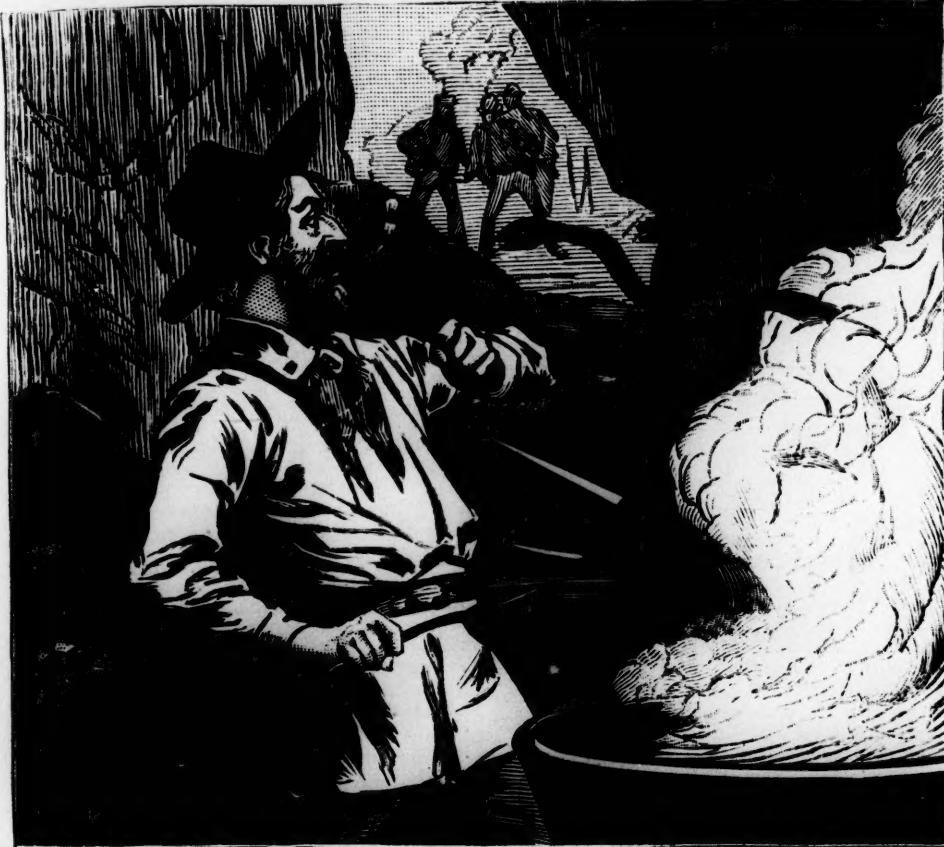
WANTED FOR SEDUCTION AND \$1,000 REWARD OFFERED; OMAHA, NEB.

upon her head which crushed her skull, after receiving which she burst through the screen door, he following and passing her. She turned back toward the house when he fired the first shot, which missed her; she fell to the ground, after which he fired the other two shots, the one going through her shoulder, the other penetrating her body. The affair has created a great excitement in the neighborhood and the trial is looked forward to with much interest.



MRS. J. L. COPLAND,

BRUTALLY MURDERED IN HER HOME AT KEWANEE, ILL.



CAPTURED BY SNAKES.

AN OLD MOONSHINER, OF DALLAS, N. C., PURSUED BY U. S. OFFICERS, TAKES REFUGE IN HIS CAVE BUT IS AMBUSHED BY BATTLE-SNAKES AND SURRENDERS.

Samuel A. Browne.

The gentleman whose name forms the caption of this paragraph, is one of the best known horsemen in Michigan, and was formerly president of the Grand Rapids Association. He has been engaged in breeding trotters for a number of years, meeting with great success. He owned and campaigned Lady Turpin, 2:23, for several seasons, and in his hands she was a good moneyed animal. Later, he owned and trotted throughout the Northwest the stallions Indicator, 2:29, and Grand Sentinel, 2:28½ and the mare Spinella, 2:30. In 1881 these three horses won many good races. Indicator has shown trials close to 2:20, and Grand Sentinel is not far behind him. Mr. Browne is the treasurer of the Pentwater Lumber Co., which does an immense business.

John G. Reilly.

In this issue we publish a portrait of John G. Reilly, the Metropolitan Base Ball Club's crack first baseman. Reilly has done great service at first



ADELAIDE PHILLIPS,

THE FAMOUS OPERATIC ARTIST OF BOSTON WHO DIED OCT. 4, IN GERMANY.

base during the season with the now famous "Mets," and through his cool judgment and skilful play time and again has greatly assisted the famous team in defeating the crack clubs of the League. Reilly is said to be one of the best first base players in the business. He is a young athlete and a first-class runner as well as a capital batsman. He was born in Cincinnati in 1858, commenced playing ball with amateurs clubs in 1876. His first professional engagement was with the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, that went to California in the fall of 1879, and was engaged the following year to play first base for the Cincinnati League Club in 1880. He did not play in 1881, but was engaged to play with the Metropolitan Club in the Fall of 1881, for the season of 1882. In our next issue we will publish the portrait of J. E. O'Neill.

Naked Justice.

Frank Crump, of Columbus, Ind., made a strange bet with a justice of the peace on the 3d inst. It was to the effect



HARRISON G. CLARK,

PROMINENT CITIZEN OF PHILADELPHIA, ACCUSED OF CONSPIRACY BY A MARRIED FLIRT.

that his honor would not dare ride through the town stark naked. The court wasn't of the kind that would take water for a little thing like that; so \$1,000 a side were staked, the justice ordered a landau, stripped himself, got in, and sat complacently while he was driven two miles through the streets, the observed of all observers. Far from losing social position by this feat, it has been remarked that the justice has since become quite a lion among the ladies. They probably admired his pluck; for we can detect no other reason for their sudden bestowal of favor on him—can you?

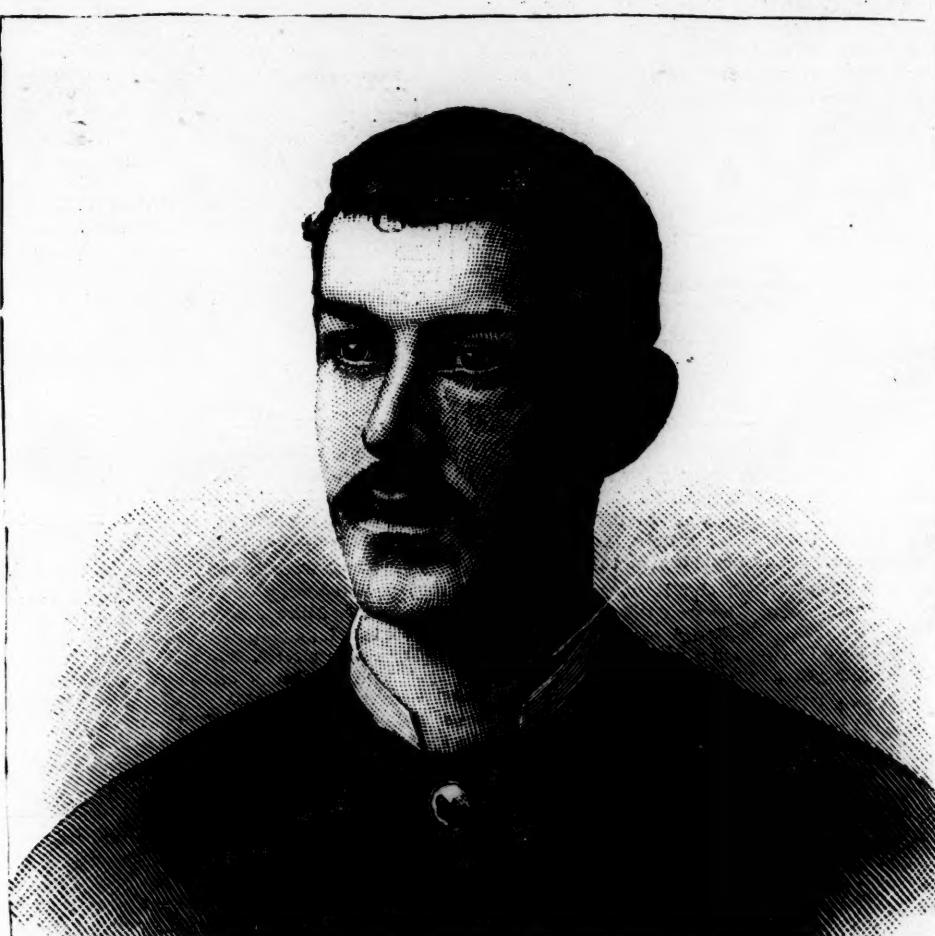
GEORGE TAINTOR, a notorious desperado went into the town of Dewitt, Mo., on the 30th ult., for a spree, announcing that he intended to kill some one before the day's festivities were over. He met four acquaintances and at 4 P. M., drove out of town with them, in a wagon. On the way home he got into a fight with them, killing Robert Williams, and badly wounding H. Anderson.



SAMUEL A. BROWNE,

WELL-KNOWN HORSEMAN AND OWNER OF FAMED TROTTERS, OF PENTWATER, MICH.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]



JOHN G. REILLY,

FIRST BASEMAN OF THE METROPOLITAN BASE BALL CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS AND BOOK CANVASSERS

Would do well to send for Catalogues and Price List of the POLICE GAZETTE Illustrated Publications. The most popular selling books in America. Catalogues and sample copies furnished free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

183 William street, New York.

JEM MACE is expected here by Christmas.

SULLIVAN, the champion pugilist, is going to England.

The Dwyer Brothers have bought Charley B. from A. W. Burnham for \$6,000.

MEAGHER and Driscoll are to walk a 25-mile match at Lynn, Mass., on Nov. 5.

The Kentucky St. Leger, at Louisville, won by Apollo, netted the winner \$3,000.

MORGAN, the Canadian champion bicycle rider, is at Pittsburgh with Armand.

TWENTY thousand dollars has been offered for Jerome Eddy, the stallion with a 216*1/2* record.

JAMES KEENAN of Boston recently paid \$4,500 for the trotting gelding Frank. His time is 2:23.

MAXEY COBB has been purchased from Richard Maloney, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, for \$10,000.

F. J. RABBETH, at Walnut Hill, Mass., Sept. 30, scored 14 consecutive bulls eyes in a 3*1/2* inch circle.

WALTON, the Plunger, by proxy, bet \$15,000 to \$10,000 on Geheimniss for the St. Leger, won by Dutch Oven.

CAPT. COTTRILL, of St. Louis, has sold Mediator to Mr. George W. Darden, of Nashville, Tenn., for \$2,500.

W.M. McCULLUM, the boxer who shot Viro Small ("Black Sam"), was sent to State prison for eighteen months.

ADVICES from Montreal, Canada, state that Williams, the Maltese swimmer, challenges Captain Webb to swim a two mile race for \$300 a side.

THUMBY EVANS, the English pugilist, has returned to England. Recently he lost \$700 and on inquiring that the individual had left for England after him.

JOHN WOODS, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer, of 208 Bowery, N. Y., has now ready all the portraits of the champion athletes and pugilists, all sizes and at moderate rates.

PROF. W.M. C. McCLELLAN, the noted pugilist, has fully recovered from his attack of sciatica and is again at the helm of his noted sporting house and boxing rooms, 37 John street.

DAVE GOODWIN, of Battersea, and George Bubear, of Barnes, have been matched to row over the Thames championship course, on Oct. 24, for £200. It will be the third race between these rival oarsmen.

JEM CARNEY, the pugilist, who is credited with killing Jimmy Highland in a prize fight for £100 and the light-weight championship of England, has served out his six months' sentence and he is coming to America.

HANLAN is reported as possessed of \$30,000 worth of this world's goods, as a result of his aquatic experience, \$10,000 of the amount being in gold, \$5,000 in jewelry and the remainder invested in his hotel and other business.

IN the six-day go-as-you-please, 12 hours per day, at Birmingham, England, Cartwright, on the first day, covered 82 miles in 12 hours, beating the hitherto best performance of 79 miles, 1,005 yards made by George Mason.

AT Pastime Park, Bellevue, Pa., near Philadelphia, on Oct. 23 and 24, Hoyle and Acton will give \$250 in money prizes for an all United States 135 yard foot handicap. Wat Booth will be pistol firer and Joe Acton referee.

ON Oct. 2, at the Jersey City Caledonian games Duncan C. Ross put the light stone 49 feet 9 inches, beating the record. The best previous record is 47 feet 4*1/2* inches, made by George Davidson at New York city Sept. 4, 1879.

IMMEDIATELY after the victory of the four year old trotter Jay-Eye-See, in Chicago, a telegram was received from Robert Bonner, of New York, offering \$20,000 for the colt. Mr. J. I. Case, owner of the youngster, refused the offer.

ARTICLES of Agreement have been signed for a race, for \$200 a side, between the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company of Westboro and the Excelsior Hook and Ladder Company of Leominster. The contest is to take place between 3 and 4 p. m., October 17.

JAMES ELLIOTT, the champion pugilist, will be tendered a grand benefit at McCormick's Hall, Chicago, on Oct. 14. He will wind up with Capt. James Dalton and box four rounds Marquis of Queensbury rules. Charles E. Davies will manage the affair.

WE have received letters for the following sporting men: Michael Donahue, C. McDonald, Wm. England, Owen McCarthy, Viro Small, Michael Hool, J. Muldoon, J. Carney, Frank Rose, Harry Jennings, Arthur Hancock, John Donaldson and Dick Toner.

MICHAEL DONAHUE, the light-weight collar-and-elbow champion, who won the first prize in the Richard K. Fox wrestling tournament, is a wonderful wrestler. He offers to go in a room and wrestle any man breathing at 140 lbs., collar-and-elbow, for \$500.

THE Queen City four was declared the winner of the recent race against the Celts at Buffalo, N. Y., for \$300 a side. The race to the turning point, a distance of two miles, was well contested, both crews turning at the same time, in 12m. 32s. On the return the Queen City won in 26m. 30s.

GEORGE ROOKE, the noted pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at the Alhambra Sporting Theatre on the night of the 17th inst. Rooke and Mike Cleary are to figure in a glove contest, and all the noted pugilists are to appear. Duncan C. Ross and Donald Dinnie are to also engage in a wrestling match, Scotch style.

THE Country Club, composed of wealthy citizens of Boston, propose to have a large running meeting in October, for which good prizes will be offered. The dates mentioned are October 24 and 26, and there will be five races each day. The stewards of the club

are Robert C. Hooper, E. V. R. Thayer and F. Peabody, Jr.

ED. LUKE, a square business man—a *rara avis* nowadays—is in New York making jewelry purchases for a house in Yazoo City, Miss. When Yazoo City can command the business energies of such a keen one as Luke, there is hope for Yazoo City—it is becoming prosperous beyond the precedents of all the rivals of its section.

THE single-scuil race on Lake Massabesic, Manchester, N. H., was rowed on Oct. 3. The starters were Hosmer, Lee, Riley, Driscoll, McInerny and Casey. The race was won by Hosmer, Lee second and McInerny third. The four-oared race was won by the West End crew. Courtney gave an exhibition pull and beat the time of the race.

A GRAND billiard tournament for the State of Massachusetts at cushion caroms, for \$250 in prizes, will be given by W. P. Marshall, at his rooms, 114 Sudbury street, Boston. Entries will close Oct. 31. The tournament is open to any person who has been a resident of that State for one year who has not contested in any State or United States tournament.

THERE promises to be a regular hegira of ball players to the south this winter. In addition to the Athletics, St. Louis, Louisvilles and Purcell's nine, Manager Pratt, of the Alleghenys, is organizing a team with which to swoop upon the citizens of New Orleans. In addition to the present nine, Williamson, of the Chicagoes and Foley, of the Buffaloes, have been secured.

WM. SEXTON, the champion billiard player, recently posted \$250 and issued a challenge to play Joe Dion for the Roche emblem and the championship at three balls French caroms. Dion not only refused to accept Sexton's business-like *debt* but states that he will accept the trophy subject to the donor's order and will be well pleased when it leaves his possession. It was accordingly handed over to Sexton.

A PRIZE fight was arranged at Rockdale, Col., on Sept. 21, 1882, between Jack Donivan of Rockdale and George Tribune of Williamsburg, Col. The pugilists signed articles of agreement to fight a fair stand-up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$50 a side. Richard K. Fox was chosen final stakeholder and stakes were forwarded with articles of agreement. The fight is to come off on Oct. 23, within 100 miles of Rockdale, Col.

AT Jersey City Caledonian games, Oct. 2d, Duncan C. Ross and Donald Dinnie made a great performance at hammer throwing, heavy hammer, Ross 115ft. 8in., Dinnie 115ft. Light hammer, Dinnie 135ft. 2in., Ross 134ft. 11in. The performance is a long way ahead of the record, the previous best performance with the heavy hammer being 100ft. 9in., made by Ross at Philadelphia Aug. 15, 1879, while the best previous light hammer record was 123ft. 5in., made by Ross at Belleville, Canada, July 28, 1879.

WE have received a communication from Hugh McKinnon, chief of police of Belleville, Canada, stating that in a recent issue we did not give A. A. McDonald credit for a put he made with the heavy stone which McKinnon says is the best on record. We would remind McKinnon that the best put was made by Duncan C. Ross at Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 2, 1882, when McDonald was only third man, the distance being 3 ft. 5*1/2* in., and he has since put the heavy stone 40ft. 1*1/2* in. at Jersey City, Oct. 2. Ross and Dinnie have a deposit at this office to make a match with McDonald.

AT Harry Hill's Pavilion, Flushing, L. I., on Sept. 30, the three-mile single-scuil race between Wm. Elliott, ex-champion of England, and George Gatsel of Harlem, for \$500, was easily won by Elliott. Gatsel led until within a short distance of rounding the stake when he got entirely wide of his course, thus allowing Elliott to round the stake with a three-minute lead which he considerably increased on the return stretch. Elliott's time was 23m. Wm. F. McCoy of 91 South street was stakeholder and referee. The latter called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 3 and informed us that he had handed over the stakes.

AT San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 23, Robert S. Haley ran 100 yards with Oakdale and J. Masterson. Haley and Masterson got off well together, and ran abreast for about fifty yards, when Haley drew away from Masterson and won by two yards. The official time was announced as 9*4* 5 seconds. The starter was N. W. Leonard, of the Olympic Club. There were three timers. Hiram B. Cook, of the Olympic Club, a thorough athlete and a man who has correctly timed hundreds of horse races, marked 9*4* 5 seconds on his watch. Peter McIntyre, of the Olympic Club, an old foot racer, marked 9*3* 4 seconds, and W. R. Melville, of the Olympic Club, marked ten seconds.

EDWARD HANLAN, the champion oarsman of the world, arrived in this city October 6 with George W. Lee of Newark, N. J. They called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to consult Richard K. Fox in regard to Hanlan's proposed races with Kennedy and Wallace Ross next season. Hanlan says he will not row any more races this season but will probably give an exhibition in this vicinity and may contend for the trophy.

Mr. Fox proposes to give for the best time in a three-mile race to be rowed at Pleasant Valley, N. J., or some other locality. Mr. Fox informed Hanlan that he was willing to match him to row any man in the world. The great oarsman will remain in New York for several days.

THE great wrestling match between Ed. Carroll, the noted wrestler of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is backed by Mike Ford, and John McMahon's Unknown is to take place at Apollo Hall, corner of River and Congress streets, Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, Oct. 17. The conditions are collar-and-elbow. POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$500. Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder and all the stakes have been posted. The match promises to be an interesting one. The Unknown is said to be a wonderful wrestler and all the sporting men of Troy, Albany and adjacent towns are well aware of Carroll's abilities. Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has been chosen referee.

ARTICLES of agreement were signed at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 4th inst. for a heavy-weight dumb bell lifting match for \$200 a side and the championship of America. The principals are Duncan C. Ross of Louisville, Ky., the Scotch champion athlete, and Thomas F. Lynch of this city, the Irish champion athlete. Each posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and agreed to compete in seven feats of strength with dumb bells, Ross to select three and should the contest not be decided the seventh competition is to be tossed for.

The contest is to be decided at Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., between Oct. 30 and Nov. 5. The final deposit of \$100 a side is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 22.

AT the Lucknow Caledonian games, Lucknow, Ont., ten thousand sport loving Canadians witnessed the games. The following are the results of the principal events: Putting heavy stone—Donald Dinnie 35ft., D. C. Ross 34ft. 3in., I. F. Brown 32ft. 3in. One mile race—A. Wood first, R. Cummings second, J. Craig third. One hundred yard race, commercial travelers only—D. Tees first, C. A. Watt second, E. A. Goodman third. Throwing heavy hammer—D. Dinnie 105ft., D. C. Ross 102ft. 1in., M. McDonald 93ft. 3in. Throwing light hammer—D. Dinnie 126ft. 6in., D. C. Ross 120ft. 3in. Throwing 56lb. weight—D. Dinnie 24 feet 4in., D. C. Ross 23ft. 11in., E. W. Johnson 22ft. 5in. Tossing the caber—D. Dinnie 34ft. 5in., D. C. Ross second. Standing long jump—A. Scott 10ft. 8in., M. McDonald 10ft. 7in., E. W. Johnston 10ft. 4in.

SAM MOORES of Pendleton and Joe Massey of Dukinfield, Eng., met to wrestle the best of three back falls in the Lancashire style for £25 a side at Oldham, Eng., Sept. 16. Massey had just returned from America and was not in condition. The contest was very interesting and Moore was the favorite at 5 to 4. From the start Moore forced the wrestling and not many seconds had elapsed ere he got Massey in a rather awkward position. Massey managed to extricate himself but Moore soon afterwards almost gained a fall. The half Nelson was next tried by Moore without avail and then Massey got behind for the first time but he could do nothing with his younger and stronger opponent. Moore still continued to do most of the wrestling and at the expiration of 15 minutes he placed Massey fairly on the ground. Moore gained the second fall in 5m. 15s. and thus won the match very easily.

THE great international six-day go-as-you-please race between the champion pedestrians of England and America will commence at Madison Square Garden on Monday, Oct. 23, and end on Saturday, Oct. 28. The race will be under the directorship of Mr. Peter Duryea with a corps of able assistants. Eight champions have entered to struggle for 142 hours for the \$4,000 sweepstakes and the gate money. All are well known to fame and each has a record of at least over 55 miles, while several have placed on the record a far greater performance. The following are the entries: George Hazael, London, Eng., record over 600m.; Patrick Fitzgerald, New York, record 582m.; Robert J. Vint, Brooklyn, N. Y., record 578m.; John Hughes of New York, formerly POLICE GAZETTE entry, record 568m.; Charles Rowell, Cambridge, Eng., winner of the Astley belt, record 566m.; George D. Norcross, Scotland, record 565m.; Frank Hart, colored, of Boston, Mass., holder of the POLICE GAZETTE diamond champion belt, record 565m.; Dan. J. Herty, Boston, Mass., record 566m. A race between these two of noted six-day pedestrians should create a furor.

ON behalf of an Unknown Edward Dugan has deposited \$250 with the POLICE GAZETTE and issued the following challenge to Frank Hart, the holder of the POLICE GAZETTE Diamond champion belt, representing the six-day go-as-you-please champion of the world:

NEW YORK, Sept. 30, 1882.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

SIR: I hereby challenge Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian of Boston, on behalf of my Unknown, to compete for the POLICE GAZETTE Diamond champion belt and the six day go-as-you-please championship of the world, the race to take place in December, either in Boston or New York. Enclosed please find my entrance fee, which I understand is \$250. I will be ready to meet Frank Hart at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time he may name to arrange a match and sign articles of agreement.

EDWARD DUGAN.

According to the rules governing the trophy the holder of the POLICE GAZETTE Diamond Belt must accept all challenges inside of three months from date of challenge.

THERE is now every prospect of a great wrestling match between Joe Acton, the English champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler who recently defeated Edwin Bibby, and Clarence Whistler. In reply to Whistler's sweeping challenge published in the POLICE GAZETTE a few days ago, Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, Acton's backer, has deposited \$100 with Mr. Richard K. Fox and dressed the following note:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Oct. 7, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

SIR: In answer to the challenge issued by Clarence Whistler in the New York Herald of Oct. 4, 1882, to wrestle me catch-as-catch-can at catch weight for \$1,000 a side, I would reply that I will wrestle any man in the world. Clarence Whistler preferred, on those terms, either for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, or I will wrestle any man in the world Greco-Roman from 140 to 160 pounds weight for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, eight weeks from signing articles—Philadelphia or New York preferred for either match. To show that I mean business and do not seek newspaper notoriety I enclose herewith the sum of \$100, hoping that some one will cover the amount and forward articles to me at once in care of Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. Yours truly,

JOSEPH ACTON.

THE wrestling championship is claimed by many athletes at present. John McMahon claims to be the champion at the square hold or collar-and-elbow style. Wm. Muldoon parades himself through the country as the champion at Greco-Roman. Joe Acton, the English champion, claims that distinction at catch-as-catch-can or Lancashire style, which by the way is becoming very popular. Clarence Whistler, the "Wrestling Demon," also claims to be the champion at Greco-Roman and catch-as-catch can style, while Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, sets up the champion at side hold wrestling. Clarence Whistler, however, in our opinion, is the champion Greco-Roman wrestler because he has again and again issued bona fide challenges, backed up with money deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE and yet neither Muldoon, Bibby, Bauer or Christol has had the courage to accept. Whistler is bound to make these wrestlers contend for the title or take down their shingles.

On October 5 Whistler, accompanied by his backer and Cannon, the famous English pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and left the following business-like challenge to Muldoon, Acton, Bibby and Bauer:

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Since my return from the far west I have seen numerous challenges issued by Edwin Bibby,

William Muldoon and Joe Acton, who are evidently trying to make the sporting public believe that they are anxious to wrestle. I have time and again posted money with the POLICE GAZETTE and challenged these would-be champions to wrestle, but they have failed to respond to my challenge or cover my money. I now desire to issue the following challenges: I will wrestle Wm. Muldoon, the ex-policeman, Greco-Roman style, for \$1,000 a side and the championship. If the pretended champion cannot find backer I will wrestle him for fun, just to prove he cannot wrestle well enough to parade himself as champion, or I will bet him fifty or one hundred dollars that he is afraid to meet me. To prove I am in earnest I have posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office and will meet Muldoon any time he may name to arrange a match. My money proves I mean business, and Muldoon is a coward if he fails to wrestle after all the bluster he has made through the country. I will also wrestle Joe Acton, the English champion, catch-as-catch-can or Greco-Roman, for \$1,000 a side, or I will make a match with any man in America. Bibby, Bauer, Christol or any wrestler can

J. C. WILLIAMS, the Australian, essayed the task of walking 130 miles in 26 hours at Sayes' Court, Deptford, London, Eng., a new ground, commencing Sept. 8, and, although he failed, showed his patrons a wonderful performance for a man of close upon fifty years of age. His 100th mile was completed in 22. 32m. 53s., and 110 miles were walked in 25h. 1m. 2s., after which he gave up. The track was one-eighth of a mile in circumference, and J. T. Hulls and S. Smith were timekeepers and referees.

ACCORDING to agreement John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, and James C. Daly, the Irish-American champion athlete, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Sept. 30, posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and signed articles of agreement to wrestle for \$250 a side and the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the championship of mixed wrestling—collar-and-elbow, catch-as-catch can and side-hold in harness. The match is to be decided in this city on Oct. 20. The POLICE GAZETTE champion trophy is a beautiful affair and has been twice won by Duncan C. Ross—once in this city and once at Louisville, Ky. Last August, at Erie, Pa., Capt. J. C. Daly and Duncan C. Ross competed for the trophy and the referee awarded it to Daly. Ross intends to challenge the winner of the coming contest.

If any of the many all-round champion athletes of Great Britain, Canada and the United States are eager to figure in an International all-round athletic contest now is their opportunity. Duncan C. Ross has posted \$1,000 with the POLICE GAZETTE and issues the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I, Duncan C. Ross, of Louisville Ky., U. S. A., do hereby challenge any man in the world to contest against me for \$2,000 or £400 sterling and the athletic championship of the world, at the following feats, which form the athletic programme in America and Europe: 1, throwing heavy hammer, 16lbs., 2, throwing light hammer, 12lbs., 3, putting heavy stone, 21lbs., 4, putting light stone, 14lbs., 5, throwing heavy weight from side, 56lbs., 6, throwing heavy weight for height, 56lbs., 7, tossing a caber weighing 205lbs., 8, running high jump, 9, running long jump, 10, standing high jump, 11, standing long jump, 12, hitch and kick, 13, running 100 yards, 14, hurdle race, 120 yards, 15, 220 yards, 16, wrestling Scotch or catch-as-catch-can, 17, collar and elbow, 18, side hold in harness.

Being anxious to make a match, and as an inducement to some of the aspirants, I will make the following concessions. I will contest against Geo. Davidson, Kenneth McRae and Owen Duffy, of Scotland, I to meet the three as one man, first place only to count. I give the same odds to Hugh McKinnon and A. A. McDonald, of Canada, Thos. F. Lynch and Capt. J. C. Daly, of New York. This challenge will remain open for three months, and any contest which may be arranged to be contested in or near Louisville, Ky., U. S. A., July, 1883. Herewith deposit \$1,000 with Richard K. Fox, Esq., of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, and any communication in care of the POLICE GAZETTE will meet my immediate attention. I will allow any man from Europe \$300 for expenses.

DUNCAN C. ROSS.

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10 Prizes.....5,000.....600 Prizes \$25 each.....12,000

10 Prizes.....\$1,000.....1,000 Prizes \$10 each.....10,000

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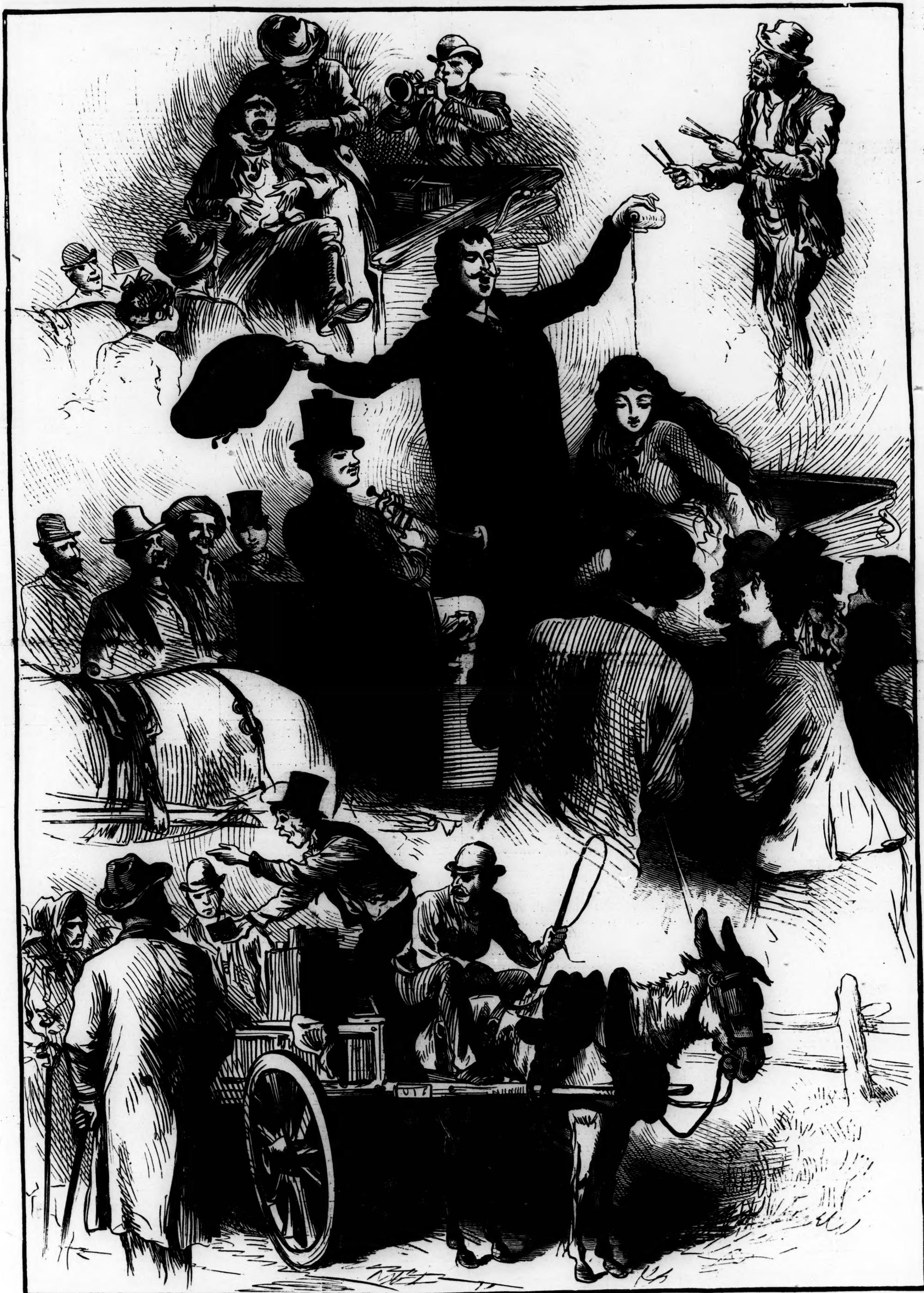
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